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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Partners in Blunder

A REVIEW BY GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON

PARTNERS IN PLUNDER. By J. B. Matthews and R. E. Shallcross. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. $2.50.

THE title page promises: "Another Consumer's Research book that names names and explodes dynamite in high places." The ballyhoo is that the book shows that the methods of American business are indistinguishable from those of American gangsters. The conclusions are:

We are not ending a mere era but an epoch. Those who say we shall recover because we have recovered before, should remember that we have also perished before. Modern civilization is sunk. The lower middle-class, converted into a sadistic mob by the sex *motif* in modern advertising, is just about to emit one terrifying homosexual squeal and rush out to destroy everything. (You can be sure of this because a Florida lynchmob once mutilated a negro.) First, however, we must go through a phase of fascism which will be started just as soon as Messrs. Sloan, Young, Morgan, and Dupont get around to it.

Democrats, Republicans, labor unions, liberals, and even socialists are helpless because they are too mild and because they are enemies of Soviet Russia. Believe it or not, that is exactly what this book says and that is *all* it says.

As an argument for overthrowing our government, this takes the cake—let's start a red revolution because we don't like the methods and output of the advertising business.

There are passionate passages about tooth paste, reducing compounds, fruit-sprays, paid testimonials, and high-pressure salesmanship. Only one remedy is suggested and that is: *Down with everything and call in the Soviets.*

When you come to look for the gangster and piratical methods of business, you find that they consist in high-pressure sales-technique, and the facts that the churches do not attack the profit-system, that Douglas MacArthur recommends an efficient army and Claude Swanson a good navy, that some fruit-sprays are poisonous if not washed off, that some patent medicines will kill you if you take the whole box instead of just one pill, that the General Electric Company wants to see four fans in every home and other manufacturers also sell "gadgets" (air conditioning being the most sinister), that automobiles and other products begin to wear out as soon as you start using them, that corporations do not use inventions as fast as they are made, that some kinds of advertising use a fake scientific appeal, some a sex-appeal, and some a disgust *motif* in short blunt Anglo (like the sweat, spit, stink, and bad-breath boys), that business is run for profit, that there is some anti-semitism, that many tooth pastes and mouths washes aren't worth the money, that negroes and whites are not on the same basis, and that the country doesn't like communists. That is all there is to justify the title—that is absolutely all. John Dillinger and Baby Face Floyd, or Jacques La Fitte and Captain Kidd, wouldn't have considered it wholly sufficient for their purposes.

Now Consumer's Research is an excellent thing. It sends you scientific analyses of the actual merits of standard advertised brands of consumer's goods, and is the best buyer's guide and debunker of ballyhoo in this country. Almost anybody would approve what this service and this book say about high-pressure selling and hokum advertising. But to suggest a cure of that slight economic acne on the body politic by immediate destruction of our army, navy, government, economic system, and both the Christian and Jewish religions, is like saying of a man with a red spot on his nose: "Burn that brute, he has a pimple." We scrub the grime off our infant offspring but we don't throw the baby out with the dirty water.

Of all the ballyhoo in all the fake advertising I ever saw or heard of, the *schmuss* that this book is a dangerous and powerful contribution to the literature of revolt, caps the pile for impudent mendacity. When I was asked to review it and was told it might be hot stuff, I agreed because I thought I was going to get myself all heated up in a debate on political economy and have a lot of fun. I settled down, fairly tingling, to read it. It was just like Huck Finn's "Royal Nonesuch"—a "sell." If this happened in Russia old Joe Stalin would have his Cheka quietly put these two authors out of the way as counter-revolutionaries of the

(*Continued on page* 471)

GENERAL JOHNSON, ON JANUARY 26, TELLING HOUSE MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE THAT AMERICAN MUNITIONS MANUFACTURERS ARE "LILY-WHITE COMPARED TO SOME OF THEM." *Keystone photo.*

J. B. S. HALDANE. *Photographed for* The Saturday Review *by Robert Disraeli.*

Death All Round the Clock

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

THE history of my childhood was written round great men. I learned the campaigns of Alexander, the voyages of St. Paul, the veracity of George Washington. In my middle age I was told that this was a romantic delusion. History was made by economic processes, or perhaps even by the biological rise and fall of races, certainly not by individuals. And now Dr. Zinsser appears as the representative of a new romanticism.* Francis I, Napoleon, and Hindenburg among others, were defeated by his hero, or possibly heroine, *Rickettsia prowaceki.*

For his title, "Rats, Lice and History," is somewhat misleading. He has given us a biography of typhus fever, whose causative organism bears the somewhat unpronounceable name which I have mentioned. It is true that, consciously modelling himself on Tristram Shandy, he does not chronicle the birth of his heroine until the thirteenth of his sixteen chapters. In the rats Rickettsia lives a fairly peaceable life, not causing violent pestilences. It is probably transferred from rat to man by fleas. But such cases are sporadic. In the great epidemics it is transferred from man to man by louse. And the great epidemics make history. Hence the title.

Dr. Zinsser has fed so many lice on his own person that he feels positively maternal towards them. He laments the cruelty of fate by which, while man sometimes recovers from typhus, the louse never does so. As an ex-louse restaurant (France 1915) I fully share the author's affection for these engaging little creatures, which did so much to relieve the monotony of trench life. Moreover, whereas on the Eastern front they spread typhus, in the West they must have saved thousands of lives by disseminating trench fever, a disease which, though rarely fatal, effectively took one out of the front line.

Towards rats, Dr. Zinsser is less than just. He chronicles the great series of wars by which the brown rat conquered Europe and North America from the black rat, and compares them with similar inhumanities of man. But the two cases are not really parallel. The black and brown rats belong to different species, and will not hybridize, as all human races can. When Dr. Zinsser has fought a campaign for the emancipation of caged chimpanzees and gorillas, he can start criticizing rat morality. But not till then.

And so to history. Our author is not only a scientist, but a scholar. The frequency of his footnotes leads one to suspect that he is an admirer of Gibbon, with whom he shares a somewhat pungent appreciation of certain kinds of human misbehavior, as appears in the short biography of Treponema pallidum in chapter IV. Since typhus is particularly a disease of armies and prisons, man does not appear at his best in this book.

Being preoccupied with death, Dr. Zinsser cannot help developing philosophy. For philosophy arises from the contemplation of death. You can get through life with the aid of science. You need philosophy, whether or not that of a particular religion, to face the other thing. Dr. Zinsser's philosophy does not form a system. It is highly personal. But it is there. He

* *RATS, LICE AND HISTORY. By Hans Zinsser, M.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $2.75.*

This Week

WAS EUROPE A SUCCESS?
By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Reviewed by Laurence Stapleton

LEAN MEN
By RALPH BATES
Reviewed by William Harlan Hale

NO QUARTER GIVEN
By PAUL HORGAN
Reviewed by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

THE AFRICAN QUEEN
By C. S. FORESTER
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

A YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY
By T. O. BEACHCROFT
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

UP THE HILL
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE TWILIGHT OF PARENTHOOD
By ENID CHARLES
Reviewed by William F. Ogburn

Next Week or Later

THE COPELAND TRANSLATIONS
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

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will hate me for it, but he reminds me of Hemingway. His first preoccupation is to show that what appears to be a massacre is really an art form. Get far enough away, and a disease becomes positively symphonic. A quiet beginning with a few sporadic cases. Then the crashing splendors of the great epidemics. Finally a dying down to a peaceful equilibrium when the former agent of pestilences causes an occasional headache or sore throat. Such a view would not have consoled most of the thirty million or so persons who had typhus between 1914 and 1924. But if Dr. Zinsser was one of them, as he may well have been, for he certainly has followed typhus about the world, it probably consoled him. So his philosophy is a real philosophy.

Seen through his eyes, the vast muddle and misery of war and disease begins to take on a pattern, as the rout after Caporetto did for Hemingway. He even produces the equivalent of the Old Lady, a "literary friend," who unfortunately succumbs to the vigor of his argument in Chapter II. Nevertheless there are enough digressions to allow us to form a fair idea of whom our author doesn't like. It is a formidable list, including popularizers of science, communists, bankers, new-dealers, Gertrude Stein, Whitehead, and T. S. Eliot, and people whose Christian name is Mungo.

Indeed the book might be called an exercise in digression. And it will be read for the digressions. Its readers will learn what Shelley was thinking about when he wrote about a cloud, why the sage Thales did not marry, when people in mourning started wearing black, and how George Washington was instructed to deal with fleas. In these digressions the author shows a varied learning, and it is clear that he has a large enough store of it to pick out those particular items which make up the pattern that he desires. I like these displays of obscure learning. We found them in Norman Douglas, James Branch Cabell, and Aldous Huxley,

HANS ZINSSER

by the malaria parasite, and I incline to the view that the American Civil War was won by the hookworm rather than Ulysses S. Grant. So if we must put down the fall of Rome to non-human agencies, I am prepared to back Jones's theory of malaria against Zinsser's epidemic hypothesis.

At the present moment I think such theories may be rather valuable. Since Spengler appropriated Flinders Petrie's theory of the inevitable rise and fall of civilizations we have been rather too apt to believe in our own approaching doom. This gives an excellent excuse to people who are disgusted with politics and would like to sit back anyway. Now whatever else is going to smash our civilization, it probably won't be a disease. So let's all start believing that disease decivilized our predecessors.

At the end of his book our author tells us that this book is not "popular science," a form of production which he detests,

Nevertheless, just as I can occasionally catch Cabell and Huxley napping, so I can catch Zinsser. For example, the habit of pthirophagy, or louse-eating, practised by the Budini, is attributed to them by Herodotus, who lived over two thousand years before Wanley, the source here quoted for the anecdote. Herodotus also used the compound word for the custom which I have transliterated above. Read Herodotus, Dr. Zinsser. Like you, he loved digression, and enjoyed tracing historical events to obscure causes. There are a few other slips whose detection I leave to the learned and perspicacious reader.

I wish, too, our author had sometimes spread his net a little more widely. Since violent headache is one of the most striking symptoms of typhus, I should have liked to hear his views on the nature of the fatal disease prevalent among the Sumerians five thousand years ago, whose main feature seems to have been a very intense headache. And at the other end, I should like to hear his views on the quite recent work of Elton, who has succeeded in predicting mouse epidemics correctly some years ahead.

Never mind, Dr. Zinsser must do it again, for unless I am greatly mistaken, this book is going to sell, and the public will ask for more. I do not know of any books on similar topics aimed at American audiences, though of course we have them in Europe. The medical interpretation of history is great fun. There are two ways of doing it. Like Maclaurin in "Post Mortem" and "Mere Mortals" one may reconstruct the medical history of great men and women, Mohammed's fits and Louis XIV's fistula, and thus show how history was influenced at various points. Or one may deal with diseases of ordinary men.

Here I am inclined to join issue with our author. Granting the importance of epidemics, I am still inclined to think that chronic diseases affecting a whole population and permanently lowering its vitality have counted for more in history than pestilences. For example, I do not think the British would ever have conquered India if their way had not been prepared

take issue with him on this point. I get some of my income from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and endeavor to persuade him, or rather his representatives, that what I am doing is worth while. I also get money from the British people, and I think they have a right to be told in words of one syllable what I am doing with it.

The average man and woman derives most of his or her ideas about disease from advertisements, and much of the rest from folklore. I feel that if I try to replace these ideas by something a little more accurate, even if not as accurate as the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, I am doing something worth while. Dr. Zinsser does not have to read my efforts. They are not meant for him. But he need not detest them.

No. He must face the fact that he is on the way to becoming one of our leading popular scientists. If he succeeds he will at least be able to look forward in old age to an income somewhat larger than he would have earned as the reward of a life spent in a rather heroic struggle with disease. After all, it is no crime to write well. Nicolle, who discovered that typhus was transmitted by lice, was a novelist as well as a scientist.

This book will appeal to three classes of readers. First, those miserable sinners who like popular science. Secondly, amateurs of history who enjoy novel viewpoints and curious anecdotes rather than ponderous and systematic works. Thirdly, people who like to study the reactions of a vigorous human mind to its environment. Perhaps this is the best recommendation of all. Few scientists, even popular scientists, let themselves go about as many different subjects as completely as Dr. Zinsser has done. At the end of the book we can draw up a comprehensive and highly individual catalogue of what he likes and dislikes. I doubt if he will find a single reader who will agree completely with both columns of his list. But read it yourself and find out.

If enough people read it perhaps Dr. Zinsser will do it again. And that will be to the advantage both of science and of literature.

Moments of Peril

THE BREATHLESS MOMENT. Pictures assembled by Philip Van Doren Stern. Introduction and descriptive text by Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT DISRAELI

WHEN I received this book and looked through it for the first time the effect upon me was cumulative. I opened it to the first page and there was in one photograph the story of that stark tragedy which was visited upon San Francisco on that memorable April in nineteen-six. A long and deserted street filled with dust and ruin, the aftermath of the earthquake. Then followed pictures of hurricanes in Florida, with the trees bending in agony before the wind; tornadoes in Kansas grotesque as gigantic mushrooms; waterspouts at sea, and other phenomena of nature that can be so catastrophic to man. While these were all interesting and excellent newsshots, the absence of the human element left me emotionally untouched since we tie up experiences of others with our own.

But as I turned the pages and saw pictured all the calamities that are visited upon man by his defiance of nature, of society, of the machine, a chill crept slowly through my body. I saw pictures of sinking ships, wrecked cars, overturned locomotives, and smashed airplanes. The machines striking against their masters and annihilating them with a horrible and complete efficiency. I saw in the pictures of drivers being hurled to death out of colliding and somersaulting race cars, and in the picture of the remains of a stunt parachute jumper who defied death once too often, a totally unnecessary tribute to the sadistic entertainment of our leisure hours. The photographs of those dying legally by the firing squad, the rope, the guillotine, the sword, and the electric chair pictured to me their agonies. I saw and I could hear the moans

ing over in my mind the causes that would give rise to the events which these photographs revealed. The feeling of chilly horror became complete. I rushed out (I was alone in my studio) to participate in the trite contacts of the everyday street scene.

The camera is today the true recorder of those phases of life which historians generally gloss over, but which are highly important since they show us the reality, the grossness, or the horror of the evanescent moment. How inadequate is the narrative of an event as compared to its recording by the camera! In a picture of the disastrous Triangle Waist factory fire we see the bodies of girls lying on the street smashed and broken like useless crockery. Immediately we react sympathetically. There rises within us a feeling of horror and of indignation at the causes that make such things possible. Would we react as quickly to the yellowed accounts of that tragedy written by the reporters of that period? The callousness of time stands between us and those writings; but a photograph of that tragedy or of any human beings in peril, in agony, or death, is timeless. The camera has ensnared time and the picture is of yesterday, today, or of tomorrow.

This is a picture book that must be taken seriously. It is not entertainment, but rather a sad comment on unnecessary death, on cruelty, and on lust. It pictures us as still the playthings of nature and as the unlucky victims of human fallibilities. To many, the contents of this book will be an incentive for hours of discussion about the events and conditions pictured.

The Luxury of Liberty

WAS EUROPE A SUCCESS? By Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $1.

Reviewed by LAURENCE STAPLETON

THE praise of these essays will be higher than they deserve, and the blame more bitter. Few will care to distinguish between, on the one hand, Mr. Krutch's sentiment for liberty and hatred of "Marxian" fanaticism; on the other, his shoddy historical theses and his confused intimations of political principle.

Although cleverly defended, Mr. Krutch's argument fails because his point of view is so parochial. European thought and art are *not* superior to all others, and were not always the product of freedom and individualism. And communism is not eliminated when the sores of its leaders are uncovered, any more than the French revolution is disgraced by an exposé of the Jacobins.

"Was Europe a Success?" is strongest in its defense of liberty, a term, however, which is not defined. It is meaningless to say that "individuality, and non-conformity, and freedom, are goods in themselves." They are goods only in view of

of men, will make that freedom more than a luxury (as Mr. Krutch admits it now is)? To answer, he would have to indicate the economic basis of his thought, which he refuses to do.

One analogy is suggestive. Mr. Krutch compares liberal distress at the advance of the left with the distress of an intelligent Roman at the rise of Christianity. "There must be other old Pagans like myself." One may point out, to reassure him, that Christianity absorbed much of the best of ancient thought, and that "Europe" would be but the poorer without the legacy of the Christian church. And finally, Christianity might have grown up with less struggle, with fewer cultural restrictions, had the Old Pagan pitched in to build a better foundation. "Europe" and the liberal likewise need some restorative stronger than the embalming fluid of the status quo.

QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN BIDS GOOD-BYE TO LOYAL FOLLOWERS AS ROYAL FAMILY GOES INTO EXILE (APRIL 4, 1931)
From "The Breathless Moment."

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Partners in Blunder

(*Continued from first page*)

type most dangerous to communism—those who make it look silly and ridiculous. Better save your two dollars and a half. You won't even get a thrill unless you happen to have a sly salacious bent—there *is* one filthy little word-picture near the end of the book—if the Postal Department lets it get through the mail. It isn't worth $2.50 though—you can see the same kind of primitive self-expression any day drawn in chalk by some dirty little boy on brick walls, shutters, or sidewalks in any shabby street.

[*"Partners in Plunder" is both a politico-economic attack on our present system, and a factual study of what is going on in American business. It seemed best to the Editors to have two reviews of the book, one of its political, one of its factual aspects. We therefore asked General Hugh S. Johnson to discuss its implications, and the economic and business expert, William O. Scroggs, to examine the facts submitted as evidence.*—THE EDITOR.]

A REVIEW BY WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THIS book is not merely a criticism of modern business methods; it is an appeal for the destruction of the existing business organization and for the creation of a new system in which "all men must stand primarily in the position of consumers." It is the authors' thesis that under the present regime producers and consumers have nothing in common, and that in the clash of their opposing interests consumers invariably get the worst of it.

On superficial examination the book appears to be a product of painstaking research. It teems with carefully documented quotations from scientists, engineers, economists, government officials, trade journals, and newspapers. There is a patent effort to make it appear that the authors have assembled a great mass of facts and after weighing them carefully have formulated their conclusions in the most approved scientific manner. But on dipping further into the volume one discovers that its authors have done nothing of the kind. What they offer as the product of their research is nothing more than a skilful piece of muckraking. Now there is certainly muck a-plenty in some places, and it is well that it should be exposed to disinfectant sunlight. To the extent that the book does this fairly and honestly it serves a good purpose, though much of the evidence is only supplementary to what has been presented by other hands.

It is not the authors' purpose, however, merely to expose the shortcomings of modern business by giving illustrations of the ballyhoo of high-pressure salesmen, of the inanity and the trickery of some forms of advertising, and of various other methods of exploiting the consumer. They maintain that these evils are only by-products of a greater evil—namely, the profit system. According to their thesis, profits are the result of successful efforts to get something for nothing. They are fully aware that the destruction of profits means the overthrow of the capitalist system, and they regard such an outcome as not only desirable but inevitable.

It is not the purpose of this review to discuss the political and social philosophy of Messrs. Matthews and Shallcross, but to consider the facts which they adduce in support of their views and their method of interpreting these facts. As nearly as I can estimate, they cite approximately 750 "cases" from all kinds of sources to build up their indictment. Their method is not that of the research worker but that of the prosecuting attorney. Everything which is in any way favorable to the accused is rigorously excluded from their presentation of the evidence.

It is possible to give here only a few examples of their methods of selecting and interpreting data. Let us begin with the homely business of bottling soft drinks. Figures are taken from a food-trade journal to show that the soft-drink bottling industry gathers in $650,000,000 annually from American consumers. Then we are told by the authors that "something like eighty per cent of this sum is profit to the bottlers and retailers." An industry with total annual costs of $130,000,000 and profits of $520,000,000 seems too good to be true. But to prove their case the authors cite the same trade journal as showing that the ingredients in a bottle of soda pop cost slightly more than half a cent. Since a bottle of soda pop retails for five cents, they conclude that the profit is "something like eighty per cent." The veriest boob of a small tradesman is familiar enough with wages, interest, rent, taxes, insurance, and expenses of upkeep to know that profits are not the difference between selling prices and the cost of the materials used.

Rarely, if ever, do the authors' facts justify the conclusions drawn from them. A few more examples will suffice to show their methods. They quote one lone automotive engineer as speaking of "the desirability of building automobiles for a limited life." This statement is duly documented, and is the sole basis for this sweeping verdict: "Just how to make automobiles that will, like the famous one-horse shay, suddenly fall apart at a predetermined time is a problem which engineering skill has not yet solved, although engineering minds desire it and are planning towards it." Again, a physician is quoted as saying that preventive medicine and a lowered death rate will not diminish the people's need of doctors because "the longer they live the more medical service they require." This rather trite observation, also carefully documented, is a basis for the charge that "the mainsprings of life are poisoned in a system which suffers exploitation of *any* human need, whether for health, medicine, food, or clothing, for the sake of profit."

By such methods of distortion and exaggeration the authors strive to make it appear that the government, the churches, the schools and colleges, the learned professions, and the newspapers are being made to serve the interests of "the moneyed and money-making class." A diligent search has resulted in the finding of but two instances in which the authors speak a good word for anything or anybody. In the first place, they admit that the market for industrial goods is conducted on a fairly rational basis. When a manufacturer buys his industrial equipment he acts with knowledge and understanding which is lacking in the market for consumers' goods. This admission greatly weakens their plea for the abolition of the profit system; for the profit motive is just as keen in the rational market for industrial goods as it is in the irrational market for consumers' goods.

Again, the authors have a good word for the government of Soviet Russia because it placed a pair of galoshes on trial and found them guilty of shoddiness and poor workmanship. Such a thing, they say, could never happen under a capitalist regime which "thrives upon shoddiness and adulteration of goods." The authors also announce with much satisfaction that other Soviet products, including phonographs, bicycles, electric irons, and household utensils, are to be brought to trial before the bar of consumers' justice. They overlook the fact that these shoddy materials have been made under a regime where the profit system does not exist, and where experience so far has shown that the abolition of profits has not resulted in a square deal for the consumer. Indeed, in their exultation over the Russian procedure they have come very near to giving their case away.

A Story of Revolution Told without Dogma

LEAN MEN. By Ralph Bates. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

A NOMADIC Englishman becoming a labor organizer for the International in Barcelona during the recent Spanish revolution—this is the character around whom the amazing narrative of "Lean Men" is built. And it is built in such a way that everyone who is interested in new proletarian fiction and the controversy around it ought to stop and take notice.

The regular objection to the working-class fiction of many writers like Michael Gold, Josephine Herbst, and Robert Cantwell has been that, despite the vigor and heroism of their themes, their characters are often mere wooden pegs of dogma, illustrative of Marxian terminology, but without blood of their own.

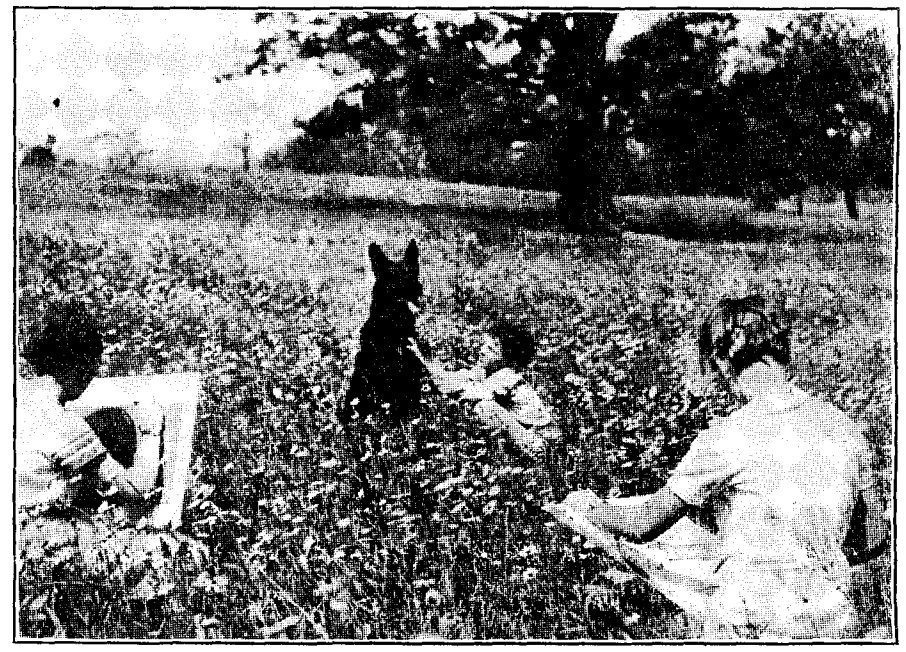
Here is the importance of Ralph Bates's book; he takes a group of Barcelona dock-workers, communist organizers, anarchists, and makes them come alive as individuals, without propaganda. He is able to do that, in the first place, perhaps because he himself has had so much experience with revolutionary action—as opposed to word-action—that he does not have to use his fiction as a tract. He does it, in the second place, because he has a rich and virile imagination, an ear attuned to the varieties of speech, an eye for grace as well as brutality.

Incidents and characters of the novel are, we are told, largely transcribed from actual experience in Spain. The book thus takes on a loose, rambling, autobiographical flavor; but what it loses in invention here it gains in the strength of actual thrilling deed. Within the first hundred pages the author, or protagonist, has dangerously smuggled a revolutionary leader out across the Pyrenees; within the second he has joined in a high-minded hold-up of dire consequence; within the third he has celebrated Alfonso's abdication with the mobs.

But while the protagonist is anxiously concerned with organizing communist industrial cells, conducting workers' meetings, and seeing the final disappointments and breakdowns of his groups, he does not fail to discover many separate individuals, both strong and pathetic. There is, in a higher economic sphere, the Trepat family of metalsmiths, inheritors of a long bourgeois tradition. There is the young cellist in a disreputable music-hall—a tender portrait of the frustrated artist. There is Teresa, a girl revolutionist, a waif of the plains, drawn with lyrical passion.

And behind all this—or opposite it, presented in a sort of counterpoint—is the Englishman's memory of England, his Browning-like nostalgia for it, and the brooding thought of two Englishwomen with whom he had become simultaneously involved, and from whom he had escaped to Spain. From them constantly come, across the sea, snatches of music and affection; and to these he turns when, in frequent moments, his faith in the Cause is at an ebb.

So varied a narrative defies synopsis; one can only say that, despite numerous blemishes of form, it is the most vivid and convincing of recent working-class novels.



THIS POLICE DOG GOES TO SCHOOL EVERY DAY

And the children use him as a model for sketching.—From "Willingly to School."

A Scrip of Joy

WILLINGLY TO SCHOOL. Photos by Wendell MacRae, text by the staff of Fox Meadow School. Foreword by William H. Kilpatrick, Teachers College. New York: Round Table Press. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

IT'S an odd thing that we generally suppose pain and death have more News Value than happiness. A book of photographs is published containing scenes of misery, disaster, and violence; fires, earthquakes, founderings; collisions, lynchings, the electric chair. It is assumed that everyone will be interested, and gape with sickly fascination; like socialice at the Hauptmann trial.

Here, at the same time, appears a book, mostly photographs, so fresh, so sane, so truly touching and healthy, so beautiful with the beauty of the commonplace, that there is danger of its being missed. This book sums up in pictures of infectious charm the whole progress of primary education in a generation. It is what Sir Philip Sidney called a Scrip of Joy; it shows children in every phase of their schooling, in and outdoors, with books, pets, flowers, machines; gay, curious, intent, unconscious, fulfilling the purest bliss of humanity—to be happy doing. Every one of these superb pictures is worth dwelling on; every one is a story in itself and in those strangely different and mysterious faces how much there is to learn. A famous educator has written a foreword for the book and other famous educators have praised it, in their humdrum way. But it's infinitely better than they say: it's laughter and pathos and fun. Forget News Value. This book has heart and soul value; it is the essence of a religion that never knew an agnostic; who touches it touches the meaning of man.

Girl in the Sun

By KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

HERE on the smooth white sand, by the blue water,
Sleek brown body and limbs of a sea god's daughter,
Powerful, indolent and sophisticated,
Studied simplicity of nakedness, decorated
With scarlet mouth and toes and pointed finger tips;
Short white tunic drawn tight over breast and hips,
Small breast, strong thighs,
Anointed with perfumed oil,
Complete in the sun she lies.

Yet there is a strange kinship
With a bedecked and powdered queen, who played
Lovely and indifferent, at being a dairy maid;
Nor heard the long low wake
Of thunder. There is little sound
In a world about to break.

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

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On Being Sane

A correspondent objects that this *Review* is too sane. It was sane in the pre-Depression days (so he says) when sanity was an asset. But with one family out of five on relief and unemployment not decreasing, it still stays sane. With thousands of Americans sinking into the jungles of hand-to-mouth living, or exiled to tobacco road, it still stays sane. Yes (and we may add to his grievings) with Father Coughlin charging the radio waves with an ignorant nationalism, and Huey Long experimenting with a Balkan dictatorship, and the newspapers trying the Hauptmann case, and Hollywood turning good novelists into bad carpenters of sob stories, it still tries to stay sane.

He objects also to our dallying with the good books, good reading of yesteryear, while Rome burns (to the hoot of sirens) each day about us. Rome has burned before, many times, and there have been ages which in misery, disintegration, and danger of collapse far exceeded our own; but the New Testament was not thrown into the bonfire every time Christianity failed to work, nor was it regarded as a weakness in times of revolution to recall the books which have survived revolution, and will continue to do so, because they have in them something independent of fate.

Our correspondent may belong to that class whom Louis Adamic, himself certainly no reactionary, calls the "jittery" Americans. "Jittery" because they have no roots, no sense of stability, no inner life. We all know why, and they are not to blame. The winds of doctrine blow them about, and social upheaval topples them over. There is nothing to hold on to, and they have dropped what they held. With so much unexpected happening, it seems to them frivolous, almost sacrilegious, to think of anything but the present. If such a case of "jitters" had been on Paul's ship off Melita he would have run for a stick of wood and a rope, and let the morale of the crew go down the gale.

All this is excusable, but not quite sane. It is a mild hysteria, natural, but not helpful. Some one has to keep his head. Ours is none too steady as we view civilization speeding up its V-8 engine on a skiddy road with a hairpin turn ahead, propagandists at the wheel, super-nationalists stepping on the gas, safety-by-armament pulling the brakes out roots and all, and an isolationist in the back seat shouting "To hell with Europe," with both eyes shut. But we try to stay sane, and are proud of the attempt, if not of the results. And if Dante, Shakespeare, Christ, Goethe, Voltaire, Dickens, and even Mark Twain and Trollope are irrelevant—why so are we, and proud of it.

The March of Time

Our old colleagues of *Time* magazine are making a stir with the release of the first "March of Time" newsreel. Pre-view observers agreed that the five sequences, comparatively long, making use of old shots as well as new, and even of staged "retakes" of events in order to tell complete stories, do a good pioneering job in explaining the facts behind the news. Other newsreels, apparently anticipating the band-wagon, have recently shown a tendency towards sequences that give the news in chapters instead of paragraphs.

This method takes editing; and the more editing, the more opportunity for expression of opinion. So far, the new type of newsreel has shown small, but still noticeable, signs of "interpreting." Will these signs multiply? Will the news-film become a journal of opinion?

"SEVEN MILLION PEOPLE IN THE CITY AND YOU HAVE TO BITE THE BOOK REVIEWER OF THE *NEW YORK TIMES!*"

Letters to the Editor: *The Sources of "Musa Dagh"; Samuel Butler in Taormina*

Memories of the Zeitoun Exiles

SIR:—I have just completed the reading of Franz Werfel's great novel, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which you rightly describe not only as an historical novel of great significance but also a "great story of human nature in crisis."

The reading of the story, as you will readily imagine, has been a strangely moving experience to me, for it has recreated a past and brought back events which seem to belong to another life. Many of these events are a painful memory, but not a few of them revealed the finer qualities of the soul which only appear in moments of great stress.

I remember well the day on which the Zeitoun exiles reached Marash and my visit to the Mutessarif on behalf of Andreassian (Aram Tomasian of the story) which resulted in the permit which allowed him and his family to go to Yoghanoghlook. My diary gives the date as May 15th, 1915. Both Andreassian and Nokhoudian, the pastor of Bitias, were my students. I met Andreassian again in Egypt after the war, but Nokhoudian was lost at Der Zor.

The account of the Zeitoun episode is remarkably exact and could only have been derived from one or two possible sources. I knew Zeitoun very well, having frequently visited it. On the evening after reading Franz Werfel's book, I travelled back in thought over the rugged path which I had so often travelled, which leads from Marash, over Akher Dagh, to Zeitoun, and recalled many figures in that hill fortress town, who were my friends, whose homes I had known in happier days, but who had perished from hunger in the desert or at the hands of the Turks.

E. C. WOODLEY.

Quebec, Canada.

[*Editor's note: Mr. Woodley appears as the American Consul in "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh."*]

Butler and the "Odyssey"

Sir:—I was greatly interested to read Quercus's brief allusion in Trade Winds to Mr. Desmond MacCarthy as "some one who knew, personally and actually knew . . . our old idol Samuel Butler." It was my good fortune to have a brief personal acquaintance with Mr. Butler early in June, 1901, at Taormina. My wife and I were staying at the Hotel Timeo; the tourist season was over, and there were only four guests besides ourselves at the long table-d'hote: an American lady, widow of an Italian, with her two daughters, and an elderly gentleman, plainly English. As we were so few we naturally fell into conversation, the Englishman being the last to join it. The eldest lady asked us where we had spent the winter; and when I replied "in Athens" he seemed to be much interested, and we were soon comparing notes. After a while he said that he was Samuel Butler, and spoke of his interest in Greek subjects. We stayed a few days longer at the Timeo, and I had several other conversations with him. He gradually became quite friendly and talkative, and lent me reprints of a few articles by himself published in a small Sicilian periodical devoted to Sicilian history and antiquities. Also he spoke with evident pride of the compliment that had been paid him by the authorities of Trapani, where he spent a number of years, in naming a street after him.

The topic that seemed to interest him most, however, was his own extraordinary theory about the authorship of the "Odyssey"; and when I ventured, very cautiously, to suggest that possibly he was not entirely in earnest about it he bristled up at once.

EDWARD DELAVAN PERRY.

Columbia University, New York City.

In Darkest Travel Books

SIR:—As hundreds of travel books are published annually, writers should be warned that in many cases they have burst into print without eliminating inexcusable errors. Not long ago I reviewed a book in which the writer mentions seeing a rattlesnake in Southern Rhodesia. Another mentions tigers in East Africa and, although the Boer hunter in the Transvaal calls the leopard by the name of "tijger," there are no tigers on the African mainland except those in a cage at the Johannesburg zoo. Another work that was recently published confuses the Congo and Zambesi Rivers and still another speaks of the Masai tribe of East Africa as a race of cannibals. As a student of Africa, I find that errors such as these destroy my confidence in writers on African travel.

Unfortunately even the best of our modern writers seem to throw caution to the winds when they begin to write about the "Dark Continent." The late Mr. Jacob Wassermann is a very good case in point. In 1932 he published "Bula Matari," the life of Henry M. Stanley. Mr. Wassermann, in writing of his boyhood idol, seems to have known surprisingly little about him and practically nothing about the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition and the subsequent controversy over the fate of the rear column. Readers of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa" will recall the terrible fate that befell the party which Stanley was obliged to leave at Yambuya on the Aruwimi tributary of the Congo. Despite the fact that there is an extensive literature on the Rear Column, Mr. Wassermann never refers to it and his bibliography is inadequate for more than a sketch of Stanley's life. Mr. Wassermann's conclusions as to the collapse of the English personnel of this branch of the expedition—he claims that these young Englishmen were lured to their fate by the blandishments of native belles—are amusing but have little foundation in fact. Near the end of the book Mr. Wassermann mentions the birth of Mr. Stanley's son when the great explorer was on the brink of the grave. It so happens that the Stanleys adopted a son but Mr. Wassermann does not seem to be aware of this.

One of the greatest travesties on human intelligence was the material published in "Trader Horn." The public should be warned that the attacks upon David Livingstone have absolutely no basis in fact. The witty asides of Trader Horn and remarks about the great missionary's moral lapses are pure smut. Dr. David Livingstone was no saint in the eyes of many but there has never been a single insinuation regarding his morals from African sources. Most of these stories had their origins in bar rooms. . . .

A little time devoted to ethnology, zoology, geography, and history would eliminate these errors. Unless authors are willing to take this extra trouble (after all a very necessary task) their works will suffer accordingly and those of us who read their books will continue to throw them aside with distaste. In a story of adventure, sensation is infinitely more important than truth. In a book of travel or biography, truth is infinitely more important than sensation. There is no happy medium. The book must be either the one or the other.

JULIAN W. FEISS.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Response

SIR:—Please allow me to express to you my deep gratitude for the generous response to my appeal for library books published in *The Saturday Review of Literature* of October 27th. It is quite evident that your intelligent readers realize that a prison library means more to the inmates than a source of entertainment; that it is of the utmost value in the rehabilitation of fallen men and, besides keeping the prisoners out of trouble and relieving the tension of close confinement, the library causes the men to absorb, either directly or indirectly, the benefits of education that they would not be able to obtain otherwise.

In addition to the thanks I owe to you, I want to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. G. B. Bingham, of Burrows Brothers, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Edith M. Phelps, of the H. W. Wilson Company; Mr. Julian R. Tinkham, of Upper Montclair, N. J.; Mr. A. H. Heward, of Burnwood, N. Y.; Mr. Frank Henry, of Doubleday, Doran & Company; Miss Elsie C. Lieman, of New York City; Miss Caroline Pattengell, of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. Yandell Henderson, of New Haven, Conn.; and Mr. Franklin Wentworth through the Robert Schalkenbach Foundation. As a result of my appeal, these good people have enriched our library to the extent of 510 volumes, and have left a warm feeling in my heart.

Offering the thanks of 4,300 men, I am

K. E. WALL, *Chaplain*.

Ohio Penitentiary,
Columbus, Ohio.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

LEAN MEN. By RALPH BATES. *Macmillan.* A novel of modern Spain in revolution.

RATS, LICE AND HISTORY. By HANS ZINSSER. *Little, Brown.* A biography of typhus fever with excursions along the bypaths of literature.

R. E. LEE. By DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN. *Scribners.* The concluding volumes of an outstanding biography.

This Less Recent Book:

BARNUM. By M. R. WERNER. The chronicle of a spectacular career.

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A Genius in the Santa Fe Colony

NO QUARTER GIVEN. By Paul Horgan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

PAUL HORGAN, of New Mexico, has placed his second novel in a setting he knows intimately and renders with affectionate or clinical exactitude. But New Mexico throughout is rather a decor than a theme. Palace Avenue, Santa Fe, is germane to the story because it offers a refuge to a tuberculous composer, deposited there by a rich and flitting wife—like a piece of superfluous luggage, and along with the monkeys, and under the guard of a trained nurse and an old family dragon.

How David, his young stepson—incidentally, the most sensitively conceived character in the book—rescues Edmund Abbey from his wife Georgia (David's mother), one of those females of the species who seek artists for the sake of their social consequences and their sensual gifts; how Maggie Michaelis, an actress in retreat, helps him to a love affair, a divorce, and a last flare-up of life and creative power; how, full of the consumptive's illusions and the artist's indifference to the means which give him security for a major talent, Edmund dies in Albuquerque—this is the immediate story. Gifted invalids like Abbey, sophisticated buccaneers like Georgia and her shallow train of friends, adolescent schoolboys brought to adult perceptions by the violations of family battles, self-reliant artists or near artists like Maggie, who come to the Southwest to lick their wounds, are not unknown in Santa Fe colonist population. The minor New Mexico characters of "native" origin are equally credible—indeed rather more so. The voluble and frank-spoken old Mexican woman, her opposite the old Mrs. Mannering who combines the pioneer and the diplomatic tradition; even the Indians at the Santo Domingo corn dance, are living and soundly recognizable.

But this is merely the foreground of the story. In the background lies the human pattern of life—hesitating, insecure, and dimly though deftly apprehended by the hero. From it evolved the insistent "genius" of an American composer so abundantly presented by the author. Interludes conceived and introduced in "Point Counter Point" fashion allow us to travel back to Pennsylvania, where Edmund grew up; to Dorchester, to New York, to Vienna, to New York again. Here a host of minor characters swarm out of the close-written pages—among them an Italian conductor and a Russian conductor, who are the consoling and protecting angels of a young musician struggling to hold his own against a blend of idealism and venality.

"No Quarter Given" implies that the struggle was a crucial one. But somehow, when Horgan the objective ironist, who impales Georgia or Mannheimer on a cruel pin, becomes Horgan the recorder of the artistic temperament, there is a shift of mood, a faltering in clear-cut analysis. Would not Edmund Abbey's story be more salient if the hero's weaknesses also were viewed in the light of their consequences—such consequences as marrying Georgia for her money? Edmund seems not quite honest with himself hereabouts. He is full of scruples and passivity. He is almost a ghost—for everything happens to him instead of his bringing it to pass—women and jobs included. Through his indefinite outline, devoid of idiosyncrasy, the deep theme of the book—the conflict between the undeveloped and often unfeeling human life that an artist lives and the inevitable power of his work—is not completely realized despite a novel of seventy-five chapters and five hundred and eighty-three pages.

Horgan is evidently an *in extenso* author, courageous in handling a big canvas. Had he started with the composer's childhood and proceeded head on, instead of taking his standpoint in the present and then backing up into the past, he might have lost himself in an American "Jean Christophe." As it is the spectacle of life arrests him, and his typewriter champs to record its fascinating details. Thus we come upon episodes here, like Maggie's past love affair, minutely and ably chronicled but not wholly germane to the plot. Some of them have been recently printed as short stories in *Harper's* and good reading they make.

A talented young writer must follow his own path: if he is more of the school of Lewis, Bromfield, or Dreiser than of Hemingway, or Wilder, so it is and will be. Nevertheless, the great comedians of the world have learned brevity and abridgment in dealing with the trivial people who are their normal prey. One never spends too much time with Sir Willoughby Patterne, or with Le Misanthrope. In life we could avoid Georgia if she came our way at an Indian dance with her fussy lunchbaskets and her terrible cohorts. In the book we are at her mercy.

Mad Adventure

THE AFRICAN QUEEN. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

HERE is a book which may not be high art but is certainly good entertainment. It is a rousing tale of adventure, implausible, perhaps, in its incidents but convincing in its portrayal of them. Mr. Forester very likely has never seen Central Africa, and knows of the River Uganda merely by hearsay, but he can create an atmosphere that is what the fiction lover demands of an African tale, and having forced the reader to make the initial hurdle can persuade him of the inevitability of his episodes. Moreover, he has sufficient skill in characterization, sufficient psychological subtlety, to lift his story above the general run of adventure yarns, and enlist interest in his hero and heroine as personalities and not mere lay figures on which to hang excitement.

The cast of Mr. Forester's story, except for the brief moment in the beginning in which the English missionary dies a victim to his exertions and tropical fever, and the even more fleeting glimpse of the German commander gazing out over the river from his fortifications above it, consists of but two persons, the drab, elderly, conventionally raised English spinster and the little cockney engineer who, against his will and his judgment, lends himself to her mad adventure. In a rickety launch, with torpedoes manufactured from ends of pipe filled with blasting glycerine, they defy the menace of the German concentration of troops in Central Africa, and make their way down the Uganda River, shooting the rapids on their course, to the lake where rides the *Königin Louise*, representative and emblem of the German navy in the year 1914. Mr. Forester has focussed his interest not so much on the hazards of the journey, though they furnish absorbing reading, but on the relations between the woman whose single-track mind sees in the blowing up of the German ship the means of doing her bit for her country and the mean-spirited little man who, forced out of his cowardliness by her determination, grows in spiritual stature through love and danger. Here is a genuinely skilful psychological study, one in which the evolution of a love at first blush absurd is made to seem natural and logical. Mr. Forester is consistent and incisive in his unfolding of the small incidents which bring about the incongruous love affair, and artist enough to conclude his story without bombast or compromise. It is an absorbing tale with personalities and events that remain fixed in memory.

Three Tellers of Tales

A YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY. By T. O. Beachcroft. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $2.50.

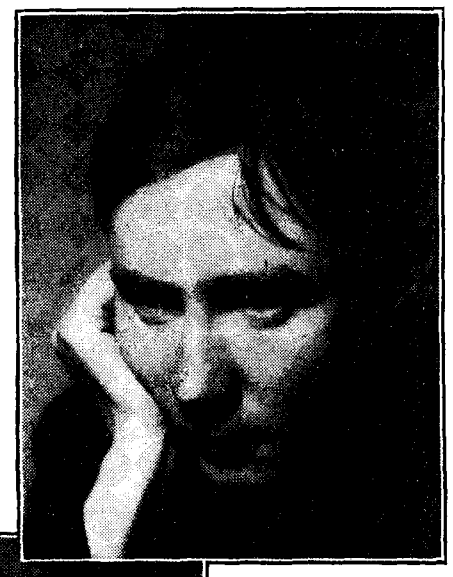
AUNT MARGOT. By Doris Peel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $2.

THE LITTLE WIFE. By William March. New York: Smith & Haas. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OF the three books before me I agree perforce with the publishers of the first mentioned that its author is a discovery. This young Englishman who was, it seems, something of an athlete at college, who has chosen the short story as a medium because you can write them quickly, and says that most of his were literally written on the tops of London buses, presents us with a greater variety of conceptions, and some of those of a more telling character, than do either our own American writer, William March, or Mr. Beachcroft's countrywoman, Miss Doris Peel.

I am going to say a measured thing, I am going to say that I think the last story in "The Inn on the Estuary," one deeply knowledgeable concerning what in England are known as "the lower classes," and incidentally in some descriptions an intensely poetic observer of nature. Here are fourteen stories all of which can be read and reread for their natural, unlabored style and the fine intelligence concerning human beings that lives in them all. I hope this writer may give us many more books. He makes much of the best story writing of the day seem insignificant in the true sense of the word, his instinct for proper structure being what it is.



T. O. BEACHCROFT

I was impressed by Mr. March's former volume, "Company K." Now he offers us a volume of exactly the same number of short stories as is presented by Mr. Beachcroft. William March, to my mind, does not possess the ability of another contemporary American writer, George Milburn, in the short story; but his title tale, which has already been anthologized, is an original psychological presentation. His two war stories have authenticity, one in ironical comedy, the other in slow, cumulative tragedy. But in a story such as "He Sits There All Day Long," I may be wrong but I feel that he spills over just a bit, and another, "The Pattern that Gulls Weave," does not seem to "come off." Neither, in my opinion, does the semi-mystical, "This Heavy Load," and the miracle in "Mist on the Meadow" leaves me dubious, though I admire much in the story. There is impressive reality for me, however, in "George and Charlie"; and if "Happy Jack" seems to me overwritten, on the other hand "Woolen Drawers" in its pitiful irony is quite gorgeous. Perhaps best of all the ironies is "Miss Daisy," the revelation of what was really in the heart and mind of a crippled woman who passed as a saint, told through the apprehension of a child. Mr. Marsh is always an interesting writer, and his Southern town of Reedyville is as real, with its various inhabitants, as Mr. Beachcroft's English Edgerly. Both writers know their own regions and the local peculiarities thereof.

DORIS PEEL
Photo by Doris Ullman

WILLIAM MARCH

One thing only has marred my enjoyment of Miss Doris Peel's more slender but indubitably fine talent, and that is that I feel upon it a visitation from Katherine Mansfield. It is an unconscious influence. Miss Peel is at her best in her stories of little girls. Yet one recalls several of Miss Mansfield's stories wherein things are seen through the eyes of children that were positive masterpieces. Still, Miss Peel's own talent is decidedly one to reckon with. The anguish that children can suffer over some loathed article of apparel imposed upon them by their parents, or the first snobbishness in which they deeply dread their comrades' criticism of the details of their own homes, are well understood of Miss Peel and saliently presented. "Afternoon with Lynette" is a wholly delightful story, in which a little girl of parents who are obviously of the *intelligentsia* escapes on an excursion of her own into the life of ordinary children and has some hours of delirious ecstasy. "Aunt Margot" is also a notable story, and "The Wives" again brings the acute but puzzled vision of the child to bear on unhappy adult matters. There are only ten of these stories; the ones purely about adults seem to me less fresh and original than the others, though "Ice-Drome" has an original setting. I should, at all events, have been sorry not to have read Miss Peel's volume. Her mind is sensitive and subtle, and her writing is deft. One hopes her next volume will be quite free of unconscious influence.

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The Bowling Green

XVI. Up the Hill

UP the hill, they call it; the most effective understatement I know. That's Lima's phrase for crossing the spine of the Andes on the Central Railway of Peru; the highest standard-gauge railroad in the world. I daresay the phrase originated with Henry Meiggs, the New York engineer who planned the road as early as 1868. They tell me he was eccentric, whatever that means. At any rate he was one of the world's great poets and built a rhyme loftier than Lycidas. There's a hill named after him where his railway goes over the top; a hill not far from 18,000 feet high. Work on the railway was suspended when Peru and Chile went to war in 1879; Meiggs died; but an English company took over and resumed the job in 1890.

I suppose that to young David Griffis of the Grace Line office, who went up with me, it was just another excursion. To me it was the Aristotelian cathartic. It was also the severest disappointment of a lifetime: I had unthinkingly made an engagement for the following day with some Peruvian men of letters. I did not know how to break it without seeming rude. Otherwise I could have gone on, crossed the actual summit (the railroad goes to 15,806 feet) and spent the night at Huancayo. We had to turn back at Rio Blanco.

The station in Lima is called *Desamparados*, which means the abandoned or forsaken—named, I guess, for some church or hospital; like the Gare des Invalides in Paris. It is far from forsaken when the early morning train pulls out. Workmen, monks, peasants, and Indians of all sorts, a troop of boy scouts off for a camping trip. *Rumbo al Norte* said our tickets, which sounded to me like Dancing All Night. The station is alongside the Rimac river, a small stream in a good deal of a hurry; the train follows the valley. Through cotton fields and fringes of tall lance-plume grasses we clattered briskly toward Chosica, 25 miles from Lima and 2,300 feet higher. Not far below Chosica the coastal fog turns into brilliant sunshine. The little town, Lima's favorite health and pleasure resort, lies in an ecstasy of brightness. After the city mist it seems as though the day had exploded, bursting the world into naked air and light. Steep hills of brown scree rise sharply. Here is a chance for a cup of coffee, or to study the locomotive. I didn't learn where those engines are built: they seemed to me to have an English look. The fluted rim of the stack, the red-painted driving rods, the boiler lifted clear of the wheels, were somehow British. At any rate I noticed that the train's plumbing was by John Levick of Birmingham. It ought to please him that his lavatories travel some of the most exciting scenery on earth.

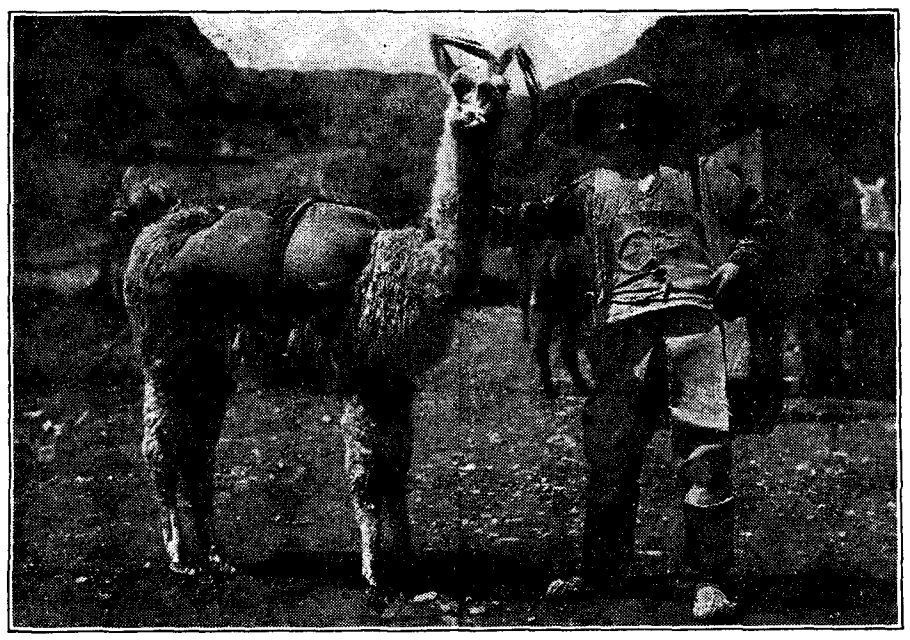
Chosica stands where the Rimac gorge widens out toward the desert plain. By building an easy dam it could add to its charms a beautiful mountain lake. If so I should like to own some hotel property there. It is the gateway of the most appalling scenery I have ever imagined. Gustav Doré could picture it.

Above Chosica the valley closes in. You lean over the windowsill, tasting the warm sweet air. As the train climbs steadily higher on great flanks of hill you look down on green valley bottoms dotted with cows, yoked oxen plowing. The Rimac is now a gray and silver torrent. Looking ahead you see no possible way of piercing this unbelievable jumble of slopes and crags. Vast brown shoulders and tawny pinnacles hem us in. Cactus begins to show along the track. Behind a huge bold knob is a white blaze of cloud. The sky is riotously blue. The slopes are brown with dead grass; they look like old doormats or bleached hides. In the rainy season they are misted with delicate green. But now the hills are tawny; deepening to bronze and mauve as the sun climbs. Imagine doormats two miles long tilted in transsecting 45 degree angles, you have an idea of the ravine above Chosica. And these are just foothills.

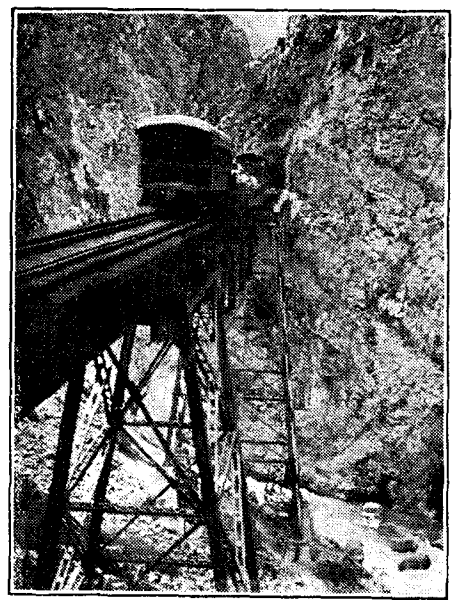
At San Bartolomé, about 5,000 feet above sea, is the first switchback, where the engine changes ends. Halfbreed women come aboard with limes to sell. The station is purple with morning glories. The natives are waiting eagerly for the newspaper, *El Comercio*. In thinner air the sun shines with furious dazzle. You notice the sign that *Alturina*, a medicine for mountain sickness, is on sale in the train. More padres keep getting aboard; does that mean bad luck?

The train grooves higher and higher on those vast brown slopes. Far below the stream twists in foam, like scalloped lace. The window, rolling gently on curves, actually overhangs the edge of the slant. The engine begins to puff more vigorously; you wonder if it's a specially heavy train this morning? Across a gulf of space is a huge tan mountain on the other side of the valley. Up a tiny gorge in its face is a faint green streak, a trickle of water. Then, under barren pinnacles, you are on your first really alarming bridge, about 600 feet long, over an uncomfortable chasm. "It was wiped out by a cloudburst once," David remarks quietly. This is the Verrugas bridge; which means Pimples. A good name, too, you remark. I suppose you mean gooseflesh, horripilation? No, he says, it was named for some mysterious disease that affected this particular district. But the delightful souvenir booklet printed by the railway hastens to add that "no risk whatsoever is incurred by passengers." No risk from the pimples, that is.

About here, as enormous pyramidal summits deploy above, you discover in



LLAMA WATCHING THE C. R. P. TRAIN



"DEBRIS IN THE CAÑON"

yourself a change of mood. At first you had hoped the mountains would continue to get higher and higher. Everywhere else famous peaks had been a little disappointing; never as tall as you expected. So you looked forward from the train window in a passion of excitement; hailed each new outline with a cheer. Suddenly you begin to think, well, that'll do, thanks; that's fine; that's high enough. And now, looking past the yellow butterflies, you see what must have spurred Mr. Meiggs and his engineers to fantasies of emulation. The old Inca terraces, ruined but still clearly visible, running in even parallels up and up thousands of feet on those gigantic slopes. Some of them, moist by irrigation, are still green with alfalfa. Here is a mountain perhaps 8,000 feet steep, ledged with perfect terraces clear to the top. Even though you know what you have seen, you scarcely believe your memory.

The valley has somehow come up to meet you again. You slide backward down to the station at Surco, where women offer great bunches of violets, roses, and carnations.

Where engineers get together and talk about interesting jobs, the C. R. P. undoubtedly gets its due of professional acclaim. The gaping passenger probably first realizes what's going on when approaching one tunnel he happens to look upward, and sees another one immediately above it in the same precipice; or an archway where the river is routed through the cliff so that the train can use its bed. By this time he much prefers tunnels to bridges; under one of the latter he has been shown a mound of debris in the cañon where a runaway engine went over during construction days. But always, when nightmare heights and pea-soup colored abysses become too overpowering, some small familiar thing happens along for comfort. Perhaps it is a group of men blasting rock down in the bed of the stream, building the astonishing new highway which will traverse the cordillera; perhaps a model-T Ford truck pumping up the pass. At the station of Matucana (7,800 feet) women sell meat patties, and the dogs run to and fro under the cars, apparently inspecting the brake shoes. At Matucana the little plaza had some of those very stylized pine trees which are frequent in Peru—their flat fronds arranged in series of perfect pentagrams, and topped like a Christmas tree with a small five-point star. And there, somehow adding to the Oriental impression, was a herd of llamas with colored ribbons on their ears. The apparently artificial trees were cut black upon a blazing noon sky; behind a little Spanish church rose an incredible peak, brown like velveteen. After Matucana you will probably go into the dining car for an excellent lunch. It helps to take your mind off the scenery which even the reticent C. R. P. booklet admits "now becomes very wild." It does indeed; I don't care what you may have read or imagined, the actual sight is stupefying. It is lucky the good Prescott never saw it; he would not have dared describe it if he had. At Tamboraque (close to 10,000 feet) you look cautiously from the lunch table and see workmen far above you in mid-air, riding in buckets that slide down cables from the top of the mountain to the smelter in the valley. This sight, as much as the increasing lightness of the air, is likely to make the sensitive passenger call for the oxygen tank. The Bridge of Infiernello (Little Hell) hung between two tunnels would be a grand place to drop Professor Moriarty if he ever revives.

We get off at Rio Blanco, and had half an hour to scramble about, waiting for the down train. Our own went off among a wilderness of cliffs; we could see it grinding above us on two higher levels. This was a cold and desolate spot, with a few flakes of snow in the air and streaks of white on Anapongo, the highest point in sight—perhaps 20,000 feet. Our own top elevation was a little less than 12,000; high enough to make the heart beat noticeably fast. Shortly before the return train a hand-car came racing down the track, with a man wrapped to the ears in heavy coat and muffler. One such goes ahead of every downward train, in case a slide of rock may have fallen.

The journey down is fast; we spent much of it on the rear platform with the *brequero*, who sat nonchalantly with one leg swung over the railing intent upon a Lima tabloid paper *La Tribuna*. He was so absorbed in that sheet I was afraid he might forget to clench the brakes on some of those grades; but he always did; the shoes were smoking and glowing hot by the time we reached Tamboraque. I was told that an entirely new set of brake-shoes are put on for every downhill trip; the thick blocks of metal are burned thin in one run from Huancayo to Callao (346 kilometers.) It was a mistake to move from the back platform into the 2nd class car. There was a colorful medley of types: a man sharing his seat with a tame parrot; Indian women in serapes and patchwork blankets bringing pineapples and woven baskets down from the jungle; priests, soldiers, and beggars. But there were also insects who scented fresh blood, and long remained as memory of the Hill.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Work Without Faith

KERKHOVEN'S THIRD EXISTENCE. By Jacob Wassermann. New York: Liveright Publishing Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

AT the end of 1933 Jacob Wassermann, a Jew but also a good bourgeois German, died in exile, his last days overshadowed by events in his country. But there is little or no trace of the German situation here. One of the characters of his novel has a child by a young, idealistic communist, who has been killed by a mob before his child is born. That is practically the only reference to recent events. Nearly all the rest of the book is a study of individuals.

The celebrated psychiatrist Joseph Kerkhoven, who is the hero of this novel, has already appeared in another novel. All of Kerkhoven's cases, which are the basis of this new story, are products of the modern lack of faith—faith in society, in God, in one's work, in oneself. To his patients, whose cases are narrated at considerable length and with masterly command of detail—Kerkhoven brings consolation, a certain relaxation of tension, though not permanent cure. Towards the end his "third existence" begins, when he diagnoses in himself the inception of a swiftly progressing fatal disease. His meditations on death and the meaning of life are of a pathetic longing. He regards religious faith as something difficult of achievement, an undertaking in the same order as a Passion by Bach. The fulness of grace thus eludes him; even his life work is lost, through the carelessness of another. But he is resigned; there are a calm and dignity about his character at the end, in which we are shown not Kerkhoven dying, but assisting in the birth of the posthumous child of the young idealist. The moral is individual, not political; in this new young life there is the opportunity of grace, for which Kerkhoven has striven in vain. This seems to be the final meaning of this last volume in Wassermann's monumental series of psychological novels.

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The Family in Modern Life

Population Policies

THE TWILIGHT OF PARENTHOOD. By Enid Charles. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM F. OGBURN

SOME months ago, I remarked to Warren Thompson, Director of the Scripps' Foundation for Population Research, that I thought in a few years we should be hearing a great ballyhoo about our civilization being wiped out because of depopulation. He said he was surprised that it had not started already. This book, "The Twilight of Parenthood," is the opening gun.

A century and a quarter of Malthus almost fixed in us the belief in the inevitable danger, some time, of over-population. But about fifteen years ago, research on the subject of population yielded two interesting and important discoveries, quite contrary to the doctrine of over-population.

One of these researches showed that the rate of population increase in the United States and in Western Europe, not counting immigration, was high only because of the unusually large percentage of young adults in the population among whom the birth rate is high and the death rate is low. If there were not this favorable age distribution there would be right now no increases but an actual decrease. But this favorable age distribution is, of course, temporary. When it becomes normal again, the rate of population increase will fall, even though the fertility of married couples should remain exactly the same, which it will not do. The increase in our population is thus quite deceptive as to our fertility. We are nearer the precipice than we thought.

How near, is shown by the second discovery coming out of recent population researches. By projecting forward into the future the birth rate and the death rate curves, only recently available for the United States, a declining population is indicated long before the present century comes to a close, unless something is done about it.

These two discoveries constitute the chief bases of the discussion in this book. What was known to the experts fifteen years ago is now being interpreted and popularized. As the information seeps down, the alarmists will raise a hue and cry. Pretty soon it will reach the daily press, and when the press sees that a falling rate of population increase means fewer subscribers and advertisers, it will join in the outcry. Real estate manipulators will be most upset because their unearned increment, already anticipated and capitalized, will not materialize. The manufacturers and merchants will then become concerned as to what to do about the unexpected smallness of their market. The forgotten man who has nothing to sell but his labor, but who does the buying, will, however, have no cause for worry; and hence will not join in the hysteria. His voice is seldom heard anyway. He will, indeed, be the gainer from a small population. Eventually the legislatures will become oratorical on the subject, and then we shall have taxation of bachelors and bonuses for babies. They will also introduce bills to open the gates again to immigrants from Europe. But if there is no surplus there available, shall we go out into the byways and hedges and invite the Asiatic from the East and the Indian from the South?

It is easy to cry "Wolf, wolf." The technocrats did it quite effectively for a time; so also did the conservationists of Theodore Roosevelt's day. Perhaps, the wolf may arrive, but when? And shall we be prepared?

As to when, it is always difficult to get our perspectives of time in the proper pigeon holes, without telescoping some of the future stages together. However, it is well to remember that though we may have a decreasing population some time in the future, such is not the situation now. At present the United States is growing by nearly a million persons a year, whatever the increase may be when the age distribution becomes normal. It is high time, though, that we were building a policy for the future. Population rates are, it is supposed, like inflation, hard to stop. The habits of a people are slow to change. The death rate has reached its lowest trough and will rise from now on. The birth rate is still decreasing. It could theoretically fall to zero, but that would only be among the mathematicians. The birth rate will some day stop falling. Indeed, among some social classes in America the birth rate has not fallen appreciably in twenty or thirty years. When the birth rate becomes stationary, it may be too low to maintain the population.

What may be done about it is open to question. But it seems to me that one can hardly say, with the knowledge we have, that society positively cannot raise its birth rate, or stop a falling one. On the contrary, it would seem probable that society could increase its population. The propertied classes will want a growing population, especially those who manufacture and those who sell. These are powerful groups. Then there will be a propaganda technique available in the future much more powerful than the ones used in putting over the liberty loans of wartime or the NRA of the depression years. Finally, when one thinks of the many incredible customs which social valuations have given different peoples at various times in the past, it certainly does not seem impossible to stop a decreasing population.

This book is an effective survey which becomes sometimes questionable when the author takes up the future. Though written, I judge, by a Britisher, it might well become a force in shaping an American population policy.

William F. Ogburn, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, was a member of President Hoover's committee on social trends. He is an authority on population.

A CWS NURSE PLAYS GODMOTHER TO A NEW ARRIVAL IN A GEORGIA FAMILY. *From "America Fights the Depression" (Coward-McCann).*

Woman's Place

ADAM'S DAUGHTER. By Wells Wells. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

WHEN another study of Woman appears in the publishers' garden we are no longer amazed. We have learned to recognize perennials. But when it offers us a brand new clue to the Eternal Mystery, we are as astonished as if our sunflower should come up pink. In "Adam's Daughter" we have, superficially at least, a divertingly new sidelight on what Virginia Woolf has termed "the most discussed animal in the universe." No dreary tome this, despite its more than four hundred pages and excellent index. You will find many laughs, many of which are intentional; for Mr. Wells belongs to that bright journalistic group who delight to lighten a solemn problem with a sportive note here and there. He also belongs to the somersault school.

He sets forth his theme clearly in his introduction. "Woman has always been and must always continue to be the dominant factor in society." But wait, you feminists, before you begin your cheering! "She has become evasive, duplicitous, and unreliable. Naturally, she is illogical, since she refuses to be accountable even for her opinions. She resorts to plausible theories in order to escape facts. She is an easy and consistent liar," and so on. Later he adds that she alone has made of man "the sad, soft thing he is." Evidently he doesn't like Man very much either.

Woman has been scolded for almost everything under the sun. She is quite used to it. But in so far as I know Mr. Wells has the distinction of being the first to hand over to the ladies the entire responsibility for civilization's mistakes. "Civilization is not man's invention. It has been what woman has decreed; it will be what she determines." True, man has come along. But man, Mr. Wells tells us repeatedly, is now, and always has been, a "buccaneer," ever struggling against woman's efforts to civilize him. Like the Hollywood gangster, his weakness is a soft spot for the ladies, and it is by them that he is led again and again into unsavory places. Vainly through all the ages he has dragged on the leash of "dread and desire." When, as has happened, she has allowed him to believe momentarily in his dominance, it has been only in order to gain for herself another advantage. Even when he seems to have been kicking her about a bit, it hasn't meant a thing, and apparently all she had to do was to ask him to stop. To prove how thoroughly convinced the author is of the truth of his argument, when he has occasion to speak of the unit of mankind, he has even substituted a *"she"* for the time-honored "he." For example: "Whenever the Christians found it inconvenient to butcher Saracens, Jews, and other infidels, she indulged in crusades." (Until you get used to it, it keeps reminding you of the suffragist who is quoted as absent-mindedly referring to God as "She.")

But let us not be unfair. Mr. Wells's reinterpretation of the anthropological and historical facts with which the first half of his book is concerned, is often brilliant and never for a moment dull. He gives to his sentences, as he does to his subject matter, unexpected twists which are not only arresting but stimulating in their challenge. He seems to have a passion for intriguing words which send you to your dictionary—often in vain. Dyophysitism, epithymetical, saprostomous—fun to make up words like these! Moreover, the ample notes he appends to each chapter are added evidence of much reading and of hard, if emotion-tinged, thinking.

Doubtless in order to prove that women have not always been the slouches they now are, about a third of the book is given over to interesting sketches of those dead women who were the real thing. Of these it is obvious that it is the Pompadour who comes nearest to his heart's desire. Beyond her he is unable to go, for he tells us frankly that since her death Nell Gwyn, Ellen Glasgow, and the ladies of the new deal in Washington alone "promise something real in womanly leadership."

Woman holds no mystery to Mr. Wells. She is completely transpicuous to our author, and he easily divides her into two classes—the Mother and the Voluptuary. Try as he does, Mr. Wells cannot be said really to warm up to the mother, nor does he expect much from her. In the last three chapters he truly lets himself go, and we are given many a trenchant truth about wives and marriage. His distinction between the "relation" and the "status" of marriage is clean-cut and to the point. So also is his summary of the problem of the economically independent wife. Yes, I think it is but fair to state that Mr. Wells has added something of interest to those thousands of books about women men have written and stored in the British Museum. That we have not found women as unpleasant as he has found Woman, may be merely because we are constitutionally unable to visualize Woman with a capital. When we try she becomes all the women we have known, and they are not like that. Or it is perhaps that—quoting what Mr. Wells says of Lecky—"Reasoning in that manner, it is almost impossible ever to be wrong. It is only necessary to decide upon the conclusion you want to reach, hit upon the appropriate major premise, and proceed with the syllogism!"

Cultural Patterns

THE FAMILY, ITS SOCIOLOGY AND SOCIAL PSYCHIATRY. By Joseph Kirk Folsom. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by PAUL POPONOE

WRITERS and speakers during the next few years will draw heavily from this work by the professor of sociology at Vassar. It contains more substance than any other textbook on the subject.

Dr. Folsom starts with a discussion of the family cultural pattern and its subcultural basis—that is, the underlying biology and psychology. He then outlines the changing history of the family, dealing in detail with "mass readjustments" (*e. g.*, spread of contraception and of divorce) and with individual adjustments, particularly in the field of mental hygiene. He concludes cautiously that the family is in no danger of disappearing, and that its future will be not greatly unlike its present. Development will vary according as liberal and individualist tendencies, or fascist and anti-liberal tendencies, prevail in the Western civilization. If the former, as he hopes, then the standard of family life will be monogamy with adjusted fecundity, with

> female labor which is more specialized and more evenly distributed through life than at present, with somewhat more communalization of domestic services, but with the retention of just enough of the private home and parental care to yield the maximum emotional values of the parent-child and mate-mate relation.

With this standard, there will probably be more tolerance for non-conformity of maladjusted individuals.

The book has breadth, balance, judicial temper, and the great wealth of factual and statistical material presented. Its main defect, from my point of view, is a failure to realize fully the implications of organic evolution. Dr. Folsom does accept a normative sociology—that is, one in which ethical values are admitted, as compared with that of some recent sociologists, who think the only function of science is to describe, but he has not wholly appreciated the importance of selective elimination in mankind.

It is the survival value of various phases of culture which will largely determine the future of the family and of society as a whole.

Paul Poponoe is a member of the Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles.

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Spinoza Reconstructed

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPINOZA: Unfolding the latent processes of his reasoning. By Harry Austryn Wolfson. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. 1934. $7.50.

Reviewed by D. W. PRALL

THE appearance of Professor Wolfson's long-awaited work on Spinoza is rather more of an event than this title might suggest. Instead of a mere commentary on the "Ethics," we have "unfolded" to us in these volumes the "latent processes of Spinoza's reasoning," and this by the most authoritative of present American Spinoza scholars, one of the few men who have mastered the learning that helped inform Spinoza's mind, one who knows not merely the great names of Greek thought, the Latin Fathers, and the Christian Scholastics, but also the works of Avicenna and Averroës, of Maimonides and Crescas, and all the Abrahams and Ibns of somewhat lesser fame with whose names and phrases his pages are studded.

For ordinary mortals such a book has magic in it. Its author has conversed in strange tongues with ancient sages. When he brings this esoteric wisdom to us in a modern printed book in our own language, it is no faint hope that is stirred in us, but the confident expectation of a final, satisfying elucidation. We are to see Spinoza's thought take form and grow out of the rich medieval soil that nourished it. We are to see laid bare the roots of Spinozism, to be witnesses of that noble growth that reached to very God. We may expect such joy as lighted Avicenna's spirit through the tenth century night when he read Alfarabi on Aristotle's "Metaphysics," and rose next day to distribute alms in thanks to God for this divine illumination.

A review is a pale parallel to such thanksgiving; and if the reviewer seems also sadly preoccupied with complaining of what he has *not* received, that must be attributed to the evil days upon which we have all fallen, with their lack of belief in a perfect illumination from any source—except perhaps our latest "standard" electric lamps. One even wonders whether Spinoza might not have been more interested in these practical means of illumination than in our much lamented modern lack of faith, a lack which his work so vigorously furthered under the guise of a freedom from superstition which he himself completely achieved nearly three centuries ago. If it was from the vantage point of the house where Spinoza lived that God was seen by man at closest range, it was not Spinoza's optical science nor his philosophy, but the mystic's enthusiasm for eternity—quite at odds with both—that served as his telescope. The supporting base of that instrument, as Mr. Wolfson fairly convinces us, was made of the commonplaces of medieval Aristotelianism; and these are so rusted by now that we cannot even get the instrument into place, much less supply the magnificent telescopic powers that revealed to their possessor an "infinite and eternal object."

To begin at the end, we find that Spinoza's "intellectual love of God" is only a step or two beyond Aristotle's "pleasure in respect of all sensation," of Gersonides's joy accompanying the acquisition of knowledge, of Crescas's greater joy accompanying nobler comprehension, of Descartes's "*gaudium intellectualis*." Leo Hebræus speaks of a love based upon intellectual virtue and proceeding from right reason. Jehiel of Pisa tells of a love "dependent upon eternal things which proceed from the transparency of the knowledge of the true intellectual concepts." Aquinas uses the term *amor intellectivus*. Spinoza's *amor intellectualis* was certainly nothing new under the sun. It is our gross ignorance of his predecessors that lends his phrase all that it seems to have in it of exaltation wrought by genius.

Nor does Spinoza's account of the passage from human bondage to human freedom, through the exercise of the "active" emotions, reveal any essentially new basis for the moral life. "Truly speaking," says Mr. Wolfson, "these distinctions between the active and passive emotions of desire and pleasure are nothing more than Spinoza's way of reproducing in his own terms the old Aristotelian distinction between rational and irrational desire and between the pleasures of the intellect and the pleasures of the senses." So too, Spinoza's definition of the mind as the idea of the body is "nothing but a new way of restating the Aristotelian definition of the soul as the form of the body." And this new way itself, which deals with human passions—so Spinoza puts it—as if the question were of lines and planes and bodies, is only a way of exposition, a "pedagogical device," a "peculiarity" of "literary form," which uses language as a "system of mnemonic symbols" instead of a "means of expression." Indeed the "one purpose" of all Spinoza's writings—in his own words "to acquire and to endeavor that many should acquire" the "knowledge of the union which the mind has with the whole of nature"—this "one purpose," Mr. Wolfson tells us, is to "bring to its logical conclusion the reasoning of philosophers . . . in their effort to reduce the universe to a unified and uniform whole."

Yet, while Mr. Wolfson is more than justified in insisting that Spinoza is a rigorously critical mind equipped with great learning, it is hard to follow him to the extreme of denying that in the end Spinoza's distinction lies in his own creative thinking; denying, that is, the genuine development through years, of a view quite impossible to his medieval predecessors, or, for that matter, to any predecessor. For this distinctive view not only rested upon intellectual creation, but expressed a consistent asceticism in actual feeling highly characteristic of its author, a "Levite in sentiment," if Santayana is right, but "in speculation" a "prophet." It is not that Spinoza represents seventeenth century physical science as based on the new mathematics. But if we are to believe his own words, he did feel a special obligation in the matter of rigorous demonstration in the Cartesian sense. And it is very hard to believe that this manner of demonstration was a "veneer of respectability" instead of a justified distrust of syllogism based on a feeling for such genuine non-syllogistic logical structure as we now know that mathematics exhibits.

Spinoza's achievement, according to Professor Wolfson, consisted in four great "acts of daring," all the result of critical consistency. To God he attributed extension as well as thought, and so made God conceivably the cause of an extended world. This was but to have the courage of the convictions latent in the very arguments of his predecessors. By denying purpose in God, Spinoza removed any break in the uniformity of the laws of nature. Here again, in his second "act of daring," he was only doing away with "the unwritten . . . part of the constitutional privileges of God's rule." He was being true, that is, to the rational content of Aristotle's conception, in which "God became a cognomen of the universal laws of nature." His third "act of daring" was the denial of any separability of soul from body, a denial which is nothing but a corollary of his concept of God as at once thinking and extended. And his "elimination of freedom of the will from human action," his fourth "act of daring," was another return from the spurious analogical reasoning of medieval thinkers to the sanity of Aristotle, from whose "explanation of the orderly processes of nature as a whole" Spinoza reasons to genuine determination in the "seemingly purposive actions of man."

Thus Spinoza's achievement seems rather his intelligent understanding of Aristotle, and the critical consistency of his medieval scholarship, than a real power to absorb and integrate contemporary thought. To show that this is a dubious thesis would require painstaking analysis quite out of place in this review. But these contentions can, I think, be quite definitely shown to involve a serious neglect of what made Spinoza's thought most important—and so modern that, for example, it is to envy that he attributes all condemnation of pleasure as evil.

It would be worse than absurd, however, to speak as if Mr. Wolfson's book, in its emphasis on what Spinoza derived from his predecessors, had no other content, and were to be disposed of as a scholar's arbitrary preoccupation with fascinating ancient lore. Taken as an interpretation of Spinoza's philosophy, the second volume does seem to me neither so vigorous nor so interesting as the first. But we can very well afford some lack of excitement when what we are being taught, among other things, is the fatuousness of so many readings of Spin-

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oza. The trouble with such readings is that they miss the very import of the terms Spinoza used; for these terms—like all verbal terms in this respect—had specific meaning only in virtue of a long historical accumulation of distinctions and variations, not to know which is simply not to be able to read the statements in which they occur. And no doubt Mr. Wolfson had in mind, throughout, the trivial enthusiasms that ignorance can so easily entertain on the basis of thoroughly arbitrary and entirely unjustified connotations. When this ignorance is so widespread; when most of even the academic students of the "Ethics" have no acquaintance with the mass of writings that we know Spinoza knew; then his magnificent indexes alone would earn him the thanks of the so-called learned world. Among these, the index of references should be particularly mentioned. Here we are given, in the order of their appearance on the pages of Spinoza's works, the passages that have been referred to in Mr. Wolfson's volumes, so that the book can be employed directly as a commentary for any passage in Spinoza that has been treated in it.

When to all Mr. Wolfson's learning he adds the elaborate thoroughness and extraordinary clarity of such chapters as that on the proofs of God's existence in the first volume or that on body and mind in the second, we recognize not merely the scholar but the teacher. Teaching Spinoza comes next to teaching Plato himself; but while there are many men to speak competently of Plato, Mr. Wolfson stands on a lonely eminence. If a reviewer is bound to object to some of his interpretations, no one will read his book without being stirred to enthusiasm for its rigorous comprehensiveness, its scrupulous lucidity, and the asceticism of its devotion not only to the thought of Spinoza, but to that vast learning to which Spinoza fell heir. Indeed to fail to be both chastened and enlightened by this "reconstruction" of the "Ethics," a reader must needs be very learned indeed—unless, of course, he has put on the invincible armor of sturdy ignorance itself.

* *

D. W. Prall is associate professor of philosophy at Harvard University.

Program Notes

THE VICTOR BOOK OF THE SYMPHONY. By Charles O'Connell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $3.50.

THIS is intended to be a practical handbook for the beginner in music appreciation. It attempts to present the material with which the radio or phonograph owner should be familiar in order to enjoy the standard orchestral repertoire, which is reaching an increasing number of listeners through records and broadcasts. Most of this material consists of program notes for some two hundred and fifty compositions, with brief biographical sketches of the sixty-odd composers represented. There is an opening section on the modern orchestra, which helps to enable the listeners to recognize the various instruments; and there is a short appendix containing some valuable hints on the use of the radio and phonograph to get the best tonal results.

The compositions described by Mr. O'Connell are extremely well chosen. There are a few serious omissions, such as the E flat and G minor symphonies of Mozart— surely these are presented more often than the Jupiter and Haffner symphonies, which the book includes. One might debate the choices of modern music, but granted the elementary nature of Mr. O'Connell's attempt, the selections are well made. For the scope is elementary. These program notes seem sometimes to lean over backwards in order to avoid technicalities. Mr. O'Connell begins by saying, "Any music . . . can give intellectual pleasure out of the very grace and perfection of its form and structure, but its basic appeal is to the senses, to the imagination, and to the emotions."

There is nothing wrong with this approach if it helps the musically untrained to enjoy good music, and if the reader takes this book as a primer only. He should be informed, however, that the emotional "interpretation" of music is a dangerous enterprise; that "tune detecting," applied to symphonies, is meaningless; that an understanding of form is not merely the concern of pedants, as Mr. O'Connell suggests, but a necessity to any amateur who wishes to explore the profundities and complexities of abstract symphonic music. In short, it is impossible to go far towards understanding music in terms of literature.

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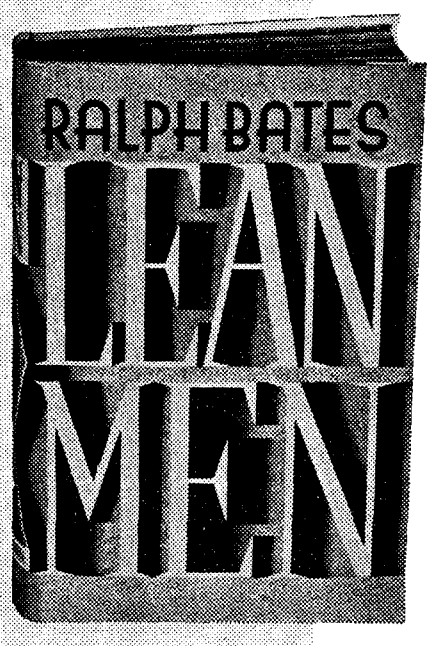

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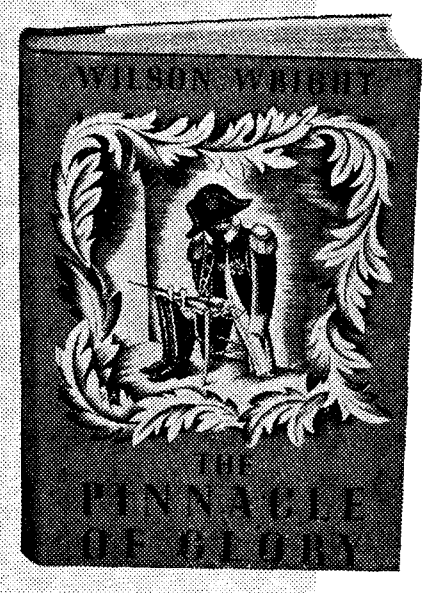

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Swedish Annals

A SHORT HISTORY OF SWEDEN. By Ragnar Svanström and Carl Fredrik Palmstierna. Translated by Joan Bulman. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by OSCAR J. FALNES

IT has become increasingly fashionable among American publicists to point out how well the Scandinavian peoples seem to get along during the depression. Attention is naturally directed to Sweden especially; she is the largest of the group and the most industrialized and hence the most apt to feel reverberations from disturbances in the international economy abroad. The recent Krueger collapse and the recovery which Sweden is making from it have especially focussed interest upon that country. Hitherto Swedish history for the general reader has been interesting chiefly because of the glorious role the nation played in the seventeenth century. For a long time there was no suitable survey in English of this history but in the last few years—as if to make up for the earlier dearth of material—there have appeared several books on the subject in English, two of them at least being translations from the Swedish.

The latest of these is "A Short History of Sweden" by Svanström and Palmstierna, both native scholars and recognized historians at Stockholm. The first half of the book has a quality of sprightliness, partly because much of the story is woven around prominent personalities whose features are clearly and sharply limned. Since the book is designed primarily for the general public and more especially for the younger reader (though its treatment is in no sense juvenile) it may be quite proper to devote four-fifths of the space to the period since the Reformation, but the eighteenth century hardly deserves all the attention it here receives. At best, this century with its tangled diplomatic complications and the interminable bickerings between the Hats and the Caps—the authors are to be commended for the way they relate these factions to the economic theories and practices of the time—is apt to be a somewhat dreary stretch for the general reader. The present narrative, too, here grows a bit sluggish. Most praiseworthy is the generous attention given to Sweden's role in the work of the League of Nations. The American reader will readily catch the slip in the reference to the Swedish constitution of 1809 as "the oldest written constitution still in force." More serious is the confusing statement that following the World War, Schleswig and Holstein, "after a unanimous plebiscite and amid great national rejoicings," returned to the "mother country," which here apparently means Denmark. The index which really lists only persons and not subjects is a disappointment. The authors point out, wherever they can, traces of English influence upon Swedish life and culture, and nowhere do they capitalize this so successfully as in treating of the English ideals which influenced the form of government adopted after the fall of Charles XII. From such an emphasis, one-sidedness may result, but the authors have kept within a reasonable restraint. In short, they have supplied a convenient, up-to-date manual of Swedish history.

It is interesting to compare this book with a somewhat earlier work, Professor Stomberg's "A History of Sweden,"* which is almost twice as long as the history just noted. This substantial volume has a number of commendable qualities. Its narrative moves forward on a broad front, giving no little attention, on the one hand, to economic and industrial development, and on the other, to progress in the arts, especially—as we have a right to expect of this author—to literature. Professor Stomberg has a warm admiration for the outstanding chieftains in Swedish history, yet when he deals with matters that touch the national susceptibilities of other groups he maintains uniformly an impartial tone. At times, to be sure, when writing of Sweden itself his narrative is somewhat less than dispassionate. The Swedes, thinks the author, have been innately just, humane, non-revolutionary, and inherently fond of liberty. Seemingly no opportunity is missed to claim for Sweden or the Swedish people the honor of possessing, in a given instance, the most or the best or the oldest example of the matter under discussion. The cumulative impression thus built up is hardly what the author intended.

However, the sterling qualities of the book quite predominate over any shortcomings and Professor Stomberg's sturdy volume will have to be accepted as the English reader's standard reference on the subject.

* *A HISTORY OF SWEDEN. By Andrew A. Stomberg. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $8.50.

* *

Oscar J. Falnes is a member of the department of history of New York University.

The League and Labor

THE ORIGINS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR ORGANIZATION. Edited by James T. Shotwell. New York: Columbia University Press. 1934. 2 *vols.* $10.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN STOLBERG

PROFESSOR SHOTWELL of Columbia is an original member of a little group of "liberals" who have been loudly propagandizing the League of Nations in the characteristic wishful-wistful-wailing crusade of calling it the Hope of the World and of stigmatizing all its opponents as vulgar and reactionary (or wildly radical) saboteurs of progress. As a matter of fact, at this juncture of world affairs, it might do America no harm to join the League and it might do us some good, unless we join under the Shotwell delusion that our participation in its diplomatic cavortings is a cure-all for our social ills.

This time Dr. Shotwell presents us, with the collaboration of equally simple-minded apostles, with two hefty tomes on "The Origins of the International Labor Organization," of which the first deals with its history and the second with its documentary output.

The reader must be warned that the title is a romantic misnomer. The two volumes discuss the growth and literature of the International Labor Office, which is equally a misnomer. The "International Labor Office" is *not* a clearing house of the various international labor movements, supported by them either financially or in any other significant way. Whatever its intentions, in fact it is purely and simply a research subsidiary of the League of Nations, engaged in compilations in labor economics. It is essentially no more part of any labor movement than our own federal Bureau of Labor Statistics is part of the American labor movement. The history which the Shotwell opus traces is not the history of modern labor but the history of various intergovernmental dealings in establishing an agency which might gather certain purely objective, totally non-controversial, completely non-interpretative data of the labor conditions in various countries. On the whole the self-styled International Labor Office, which should be called the International Bureau of Labor Statistics, has gathered no material which has not been gathered, in each instance, better elsewhere; and it has of course told us nothing of the social forces at work in industrial unrest. Throughout the first volume runs the cry that America must join this research agency for some noble reasons of international morality. Nothing of the sort! If the United States wishes to help support a statistical service in Geneva no one need object, for the same reason that no one could object if you wish to subscribe to the excellent service of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. And that is all there could be to our affiliation!

Needless to say the two volumes are useful, indeed, extremely useful to social scholarship, especially the second volume, which is purely documentary. Obviously a meticulous and purely objective description of any of the follies of mankind is valuable. It is important for future historians to know how the League of Nations tried to "kid" itself that by establishing a labor bureau it helped to solve the labor problem. It is significant to appreciate just what forces in the contemporary world tend to put forth social smoke screens for social solutions. And real social scholarship, of which social shrewdness is an intrinsic part, will know how to discount the romantic nonsense and the academic naiveté of gentlemen like Dr. Shotwell, who confuse an international labor service with the history, the aims, the trials, and the destiny of the modern labor movement. The labor movement is moved by labor and not by the minor polished politicians of capitalist governments in Geneva.

The eleventh century Church at Steventon, Hampshire, of which Jane Austen's father was Rector, and where she spent her first twenty-five years, has been restored, largely owing to small gifts of her admirers, totalling some $3,500, sent from every corner of the world.

Notes from the Foreign Magazines

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

THE editor of *The Saturday Review* has asked me to send him an occasional sheaf of notes on articles in foreign periodicals which reflect American cultural activity, or which deal with literary personalities of such importance that Americans, in common with readers everywhere, must be interested in them. It is a task which calls for a high degree of discrimination, and I breathe a precautionary *mea culpa* for sins of both omission and commission. But the severest selection would certainly not exclude the pathetic story of Lamartine's effort to sell his "Cours familier de Littérature" in the young American republic, in the summer of 1856. Gustave Charlier tells the pitiful story in *La Revue de France* (Paris) for August 15 and September 1, and gives it added pathos by printing a number of the letters which passed during the campaign, principally between the poet and his American agent, Jean Baptiste Deplace, the energetic Breton editor long resident in London. Deplace interested Longfellow, Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, and even so hard a business head as James Gordon Bennett, but he was less successful in separating the Yankee public from their dollars, so that a canvass which Lamartine had expected to secure at least four thousand subscriptions obtained just twenty-eight. This experience is no doubt the principal clue to the poet's complete right-about from a position of extravagant friendliness for the new Republic to one of such violent anti-Americanism that his latest utterances dealing with the United States are hysterical and grotesque.

The Americans of Franklin Pierce's generation were less responsive to cultural appeals, at least in the opinion of one French poet, than they should have been. Have they improved since? André Maurois (see his article "Les Américans en 1934" in *La Revue Belge* [Brussels] for September) is at least convinced that our economic reverses have made us more serious and thoughtful than we were during the joyous hullabaloo that preceded the débâcle. He finds our present generation of writers "extremely interesting," and he cites with approval the novelists Hemingway, Dreiser (*senex bis puer*), Dos Passos, Faulkner, the "essayist" Walter Lippmann, the critic Edmund Wilson.

Comtesse Jean de Pange reminds us in *La Revue de France* (Paris) for October 1 that Madame Staël, the sentimental author of "Corinne" and "Delphine" and the excited apostle of liberty, was one of the chief agitators for the freeing of negro slaves, that she was the author of several stories in which negro characters appear prominently and the slave trade is deplored, that at one time she thought of coming to America, and that she wrote to Thomas Jefferson: "If you succeed in abolishing slavery in your South, there will be in the world at least one government which is as nearly perfect as is possible to human reason." And her labors in behalf of the black man were not without fruit. Her son Auguste, who continued her propaganda, survived her only a short time; but her daughter's husband, Duc Victor de Broglie, carried on the torch and was the chief agent in the abolition of slavery in the French colonies, in 1845. So that the shrill-voiced critic of Napoleon bore somewhat the same relation to the Abolition movement as Garrison and Phillips in this country.

* *

Roy Temple House is head of the Modern Language Department of the University of Oklahoma and editor of Books Abroad.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

I HAVE spoken before of "A Winter Diary," by *Mark Van Doren* (Macmillan), and I place a review of it at the head of this column today because I consider it one of the most rewarding books of poems an American has given us for some time. It is Mr. Van Doren's fifth volume. It begins with a long poem in heroic couplets, the title poem, a record of seasonal country life. If I mention by way of comparison so old an American classic as "Snowbound" by John Greenleaf Whittier, I run the risk of giving a wrong impression of Mr. Van Doren's wholly modern verse. And yet, if the reader of the day possesses any patience and will turn to certain passages in that forgotten poem by the stalwart Quaker, he will be surprised at the notable descriptions contained in it. As for Mr. Van Doren's poem of greater range, any country lover must find joy in it. This poet is a realist with tenderness and a lurking humor.

We come then to a series of thirty-four sonnets, as interesting psychologically as any I have read since George Meredith's "Modern Love." There is something about them that reminds me of the integument of the horse-chestnut; the smooth, glossy beauty of many sonnet-sequences that slip from the mind is protected by a tougher exterior. And when you come to Mr. Van Doren's lyrics and shorter poems, only two comparatives, and neither exact, spring to mind, both great poets: Robert Frost and Thomas Hardy. That is merely to set up a rough guide-post, or to say that Mr. Van Doren's fibre is of the same kind with the fibre of such men. His long intermediate poem, "The Eyes," is built up in his own way, and he manages to avoid the Robinsonian in it, though, in a way, it is a Robinsonian conception. It is a rather difficult poem to understand, and at first I thought I did not agree with its conclusions; but a rereading reveals the depth of its insight. And then follow four sections of shorter poems which for some time I shall be rereading for their "nimbler meanings." "Fate Comes Unswerving," "Pity," "As from Arabian Ashes," "Why Sing at All," "Now This Joy," "Time and Water" (which has but just appeared in this journal), "The Other House," "Highway Ghost," and "Dumb Beast, Regret," are a handful of them for which I have great respect. As for "Strike the Rusted Strings," I wonder why it should be such a favorite of mine in such a book of good things, but I find myself coming back to it. It is rustic and macabre all at once. I have only space to quote the last three verses; but I would have you note the masterly use of an aside in the peculiar ending.

Let every arm, upswinging,
Be melted as it goes.
So, to such a singing,
The stoniest sadness flows.

Be still! for they are letting
The last poor devil in.
Now shut the door! forgetting
Whatever deaths have been.

Ha! and now we gather.
Ho! and now we part.
(The last one dances rather
Stiffly at the start.)

What a country-round for ghosts!

One cannot miss the distinction in this poetry. It will gather impressiveness as the years go. I venture to prophesy that Mark Van Doren will stand in the front rank of American poets before his last book is written. He has had to overcome some influences; but he has written out of his own life, heart, and environment; and whether you prefer his kind of poetry or another kind, the necessity is upon you to admit that after its kind this work is not only native and genuine but the work of an artist.

Laura Riding's "Americans" is published by the Primavera Press in California. They produce beautiful books, and this slim one, with its title-page American eagle in red designed by Szu kal ski, its fine letterpress and red page numerals, is an attractive example of book-making. Yet one wonders why it is that the most esthetic looking books of poems are so often negligible as to content. I should not say that this one was wholly so, yet it is pretty much doggerel. Miss Riding avers, in a foreword, that the imaginary American speaking in her poem "lived some time ago. It is some time since I was in America, so I thought it only fair to date him back. Things have undoubtedly changed. . . . My poem is not, of course, to be taken seriously. It is, in fact, a humorous poem. Hitherto I have written only serious poems." This is rather naïve. But then it has puzzled Miss Riding to hear

People all with the same number of bones
Express themselves in such dissimilar tones.

In regular rhyme and metre, writing in couplets, she is strangely awkward; in fact, she does it quite badly. Neither is her handling of colloquialism exact. Her idea of America, even with the proviso of her foreword accepted, is in general too remote to interest us much now. Some of her general statements are fairly good —viz: her (or her imaginary American's) dismissal in a few lines of various nationalities. A good deal of space is taken up in expressing dislike of Americans abroad, which is, after all, pretty old stuff. But I must admit that it is, or has been till quite recently, as she says,

just a national rule
That anyone who dawdles is a fool.
A fool is one who wastes his energy
On things that don't succeed immediately.
Success is when you have that holy feeling
That only comes from higher sorts of stealing.

Those last two lines spear a truth in an exaggeration; but the verse is not often so trenchant; in fact, it rather waddles, like a gander crossing the road and not knowing exactly where he is heading. At the end, her hypothetical American expresses himself as being glad that he has got his poem off his chest; but he's been rather a bore. I have heard salesmen in smokers say more significant things about America.

Mr. *Merrill Moore's* book, "Six Sides to a Man" (Harcourt, Brace), is being reviewed by another hand than mine, and I can only say in passing that here is another American poet, in some ways extraordinary, recognition of whom is sure to grow. I almost pounced upon Miss *Dorothy Bennett's* "How Strange a Thing" (The Caxton Printers), inasmuch as it is a detective story in verse; only to encounter disappointment. Miss Bennett has unsuccessfully tried to fuse two kinds of writing. A detective story, the story of a murder, demands steady realistic treatment. Here the dreams and all the poetic side of the lives of the characters intrude upon the unravelling of the dark design and hobble the pace of the story. Also the peculiar metre Miss Bennett has elected to use is singularly awkward. It is somewhere between prose and good verse. True flowing rhythm is sacrificed, and at the same time the impressionistic treatment, because poetic, in the captain's office, for instance, is an attempt to fuse the nonfusible. Sometimes there are shriekingly bad accents and forced rhymes, sometimes, in order to say a thing exactly, the writing is wrenched entirely away from verse. Again the thud of metre does not compensate for the loss of direct, swift prose treatment. I admit the interest of the experiment. It filled me full of hope. And I do not say that stories rather of this kind cannot be told in verse. Indeed, witness *Joseph Moncure March*, who found for his "The Wild Party" and "The Set-Up" just exactly the right staccato metre.

The following sonnet has been sent to me by *Joseph Lewis French:*

ON MINOT LIGHT

I must keep vigil though the ages mock
What though Time's finger points the eternal snows
Of dim dead years where no fruition glows
Still shall I linger firmer than this rock
That hath for centuries withstood the shock
Of storms that break in everlasting throes
A beaconlight amid the deep stark woes
My purpose holds to guide perdition's flock
A pawn to fame—a changeling of the stars
"A light to dead men and dark hours" I share
The secret of the spheres and tho I wane
As doth the moon, the hours, the sunlight's bars,
Still fare I singing wheresoe'er I fare
A ray to light Hope's everlasting fane.

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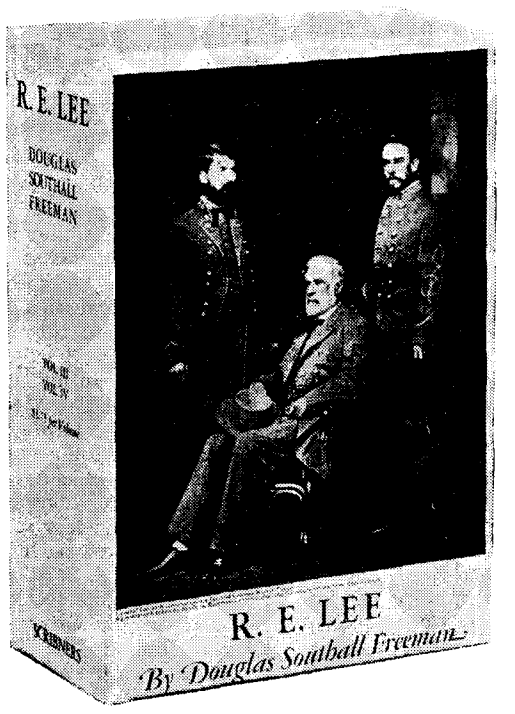

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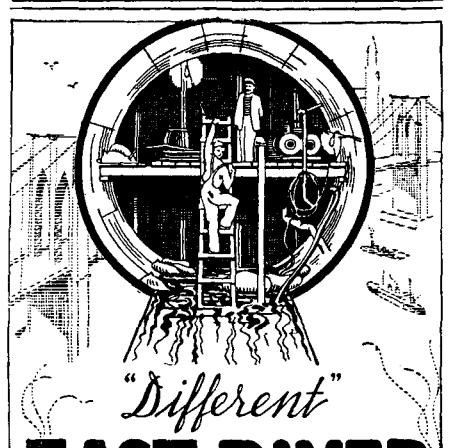

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Belles Lettres

THE POET AS A CITIZEN. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Macmillan. 1935. $3.

Twenty or thirty years ago this author's name meant to the reading public a series of pleasant but perhaps not remarkable novels. But at some date, not precisely remembered by the present reviewer (dates of other things than wars and depressions have been of late extraordinarily hard to remember), he became a Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, England. One seems to remember having, at the time, wondered why. But evidently the Cambridge authorities knew what they were doing. These papers are nearly all lectures to his Cambridge audiences. They are notable for a certain gaiety and absence of donnishness. But they are not casual in substance. Scholarship lightly carried is no less scholarship. The criticism here of such critics as Aristotle, Croce, and T. S. Eliot is polite but pertinent and quite fearless. The essay called "Paternity in Shakespeare" is a genuine contribution. The shadow of the *patria potestas* is over parts of the world still, even if less than the shadow of a shade is discernible among ourselves. The masculine Jehovah was the expression of a patriarchal society. The cult of the Madonna was an uprush of feeling for motherhood. The world of Shakespearean drama was the world as it then looked to itself, and in that Renaissance world the father and child relation was theoretically at least far more powerful than the mother and child relation. The modern novelist would assume the opposite of what Shakespeare seems to assume. Rosalind, Portia, Miranda, Cordelia, heroine after heroine, the story turns on their bond to their fathers. The mother bond seems to be a very minor matter. Most of the heroes and heroines seem to have no mothers, or none of any importance. They reverence or adore their fathers only. We know of the *patria potestas* in history, in law, in anthropology, but we seldom think of the states of feeling, the emotional reactions, the standards of right and wrong, the inbred assumptions, that must have existed inside the *patria potestas*.

A. C.

Economics

STABLE MONEY: A History of the Movement. By Irving Fisher. Adelphi. 1934. $3.50.

Professor Fisher is the foremost American advocate of a currency system in which the purchasing power of the monetary unit is kept as nearly constant as possible; this purchasing power being measured by an index number which records the average price of a set of standard commodities, chosen as sufficiently representative of all commodities and each given the weight due to its importance. In previous books and papers he has ably elucidated the subject and ardently advocated the proposal. But the present volume—as its subtitle indicates—is in the main neither expository nor argumentative, but historical; though of course there is a thread of argument running through it. The book will, accordingly, be of value chiefly to persons making a special study of the subject; these will find in it a large number of interesting facts, not otherwise accessible in any one book, about the movement for a more stable unit of purchasing power than that furnished by the gold standard, from the small beginnings of that movement (in the days of Ricardo and even earlier) to the present day. Much the greater part of the book is devoted to the developments of recent years, and especially of the years following the débacle of 1929. Reports of governmental commissions, discussions in official inquiries, etc., are represented by copious extracts and summaries.

F. F.

Fiction

THE BLACK CONSUL. By Anatolii Vinagradov. Viking. 1935. $2.75.

There is nothing on its surface to suggest that Vinagradov's novel about the French Revolution and the revolt of the blacks in Haiti is the work of a Soviet-Russian writer and was first published by the government printing offices in the U. S. S. R. There is no accent, that is to say, on the Marxian interpretation of history; the point of view is similar to that of any orthodox historical novelist. The book's novelty lies in the seemingly thorough research that has gone into it and frequent inclusion in the story of authentic passages from letters, speeches, and documents of the time.

The story starts in Paris in the winter of 1788 and ends with Toussaint's death in France after his shameful betrayal by the French. Two parts of it, labelled "White France" and "Red France," follow events in France and bring in Marat, Robespierre, Danton, Lavoisier, Lafayette, Bonaparte, and other figures, both in their relation to the main stream of the French Revolution and to the sympathetic uprising which took place in the French West Indian colony. The negro delegates who came to Paris from what is now Haiti to seek the freedom of their people keep bobbing up constantly in these French sections of the novel and in the third section, called "Black France," the scene is shifted to the island itself.

The execution of Ogé and Chavannes, the heroic mulattoes who gave their lives early in the struggle, is fitted into its appropriate place, and there are suitable glimpses of Christophe, Dessalines, and other blacks and men of color, with the main stress, naturally, on Toussaint, whom the author calls the "Black Consul." The size of the canvas and the continual inclusion of documentary material, however interesting in itself and deftly inserted, results in a certain dispersion of narrative unity, in the nature of things, yet Vinagradov knows how to write, and his approach to the bloody struggle for Haitian independence from its European end and the integration of its pioneers into the main stream of the French Revolution is both novel and illuminating.

A. R.

JOSHUA TODD. By Fulton Oursler. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

This is a regional novel dealing with small-town life on the Eastern shore of Maryland. As such, it is a faithful picture, not sensational, not "quaint," but definitely a novel with a background that remains in the imagination of the reader.

Mr. Oursler, however, has intended to write a story that is much more than local color. He is building drama in this book, the drama of a poor-white with the brains to overcome his disabilities, who is caught and breaks through, caught again and does not quite break through, by circumstances for which his small-town environment and his own limitations are really responsible. These circumstances are, concretely, women; and "Joshua Todd" as a psychological study is a novel of "the failure of an American man to be true to his own nature."

"I do not regard Joshua Todd as a noble or a downtrodden figure. I think he is the kind of self-tortured fool who ruins his own life and those of the women he happens to attract. His tragedy is that he cannot learn from experience." So writes Mr. Oursler himself of his hero. His readers may disagree with him. For one has only to supply a brief summarization of the lives and dispositions of the three women with whom Joshua Todd's life was inextricably bound, through whom his career derived its peculiar coloring and tragedy, to furnish at least the basis for the claim that his misfortune did not lie in personal weakness but in the machinations of a luckless fate, a fate which presented him with a weak, sexless mother, an unbelievably selfish wife, and an equally (though with dissimilar motives) unscupulous mistress. From the harrowing youthful years on the Eastern shore of Maryland, years made ugly and twisted by an hereditary disease, years weighed down by an oppressive loneliness for which his mother had little concern and no understanding, through years which witnessed his marriage to Blanchie (the manipulator of hard-earned money, his suppliant, virginal wife), on through years of journalism and hack-work, we cannot but admire this man for the strength which he shows in the simple act of denying himself one simple and easy way out: suicide. The hypothetical hero who might have made more of himself, granted the same background and identical burdens (not self-imposed), would, of necessity, derive an epic grandeur comparable to the feats of Hercules. Todd does not fill the bill; he is not a creature of superhuman proportions—his qualities of weakness and strength are all too human—and it is for this reason, more than any other, that he does establish a bond of sympathy and understanding between himself and the reader.

Mr. Oursler has achieved something akin to surface success in his portraiture of Joshua Todd. Also he has written a novel which is an honest and often penetrating description of a backward American community where character and personality, as well as degeneracy and the commonplace, are still to be found. And if certainly not a "Tom Jones" as its admirers are claiming, it is at least an honest study of the complex of moral sensitiveness, ambition, courage, and muddle-mindedness with women, which is characteristic of a type of the American male.

K. P.

PECKOVER. By J. D. Beresford. Putnam. 1935. $2.

It is a shame there is no way to safeguard our less serious novelists against the occasional temptation to take themselves too seriously. "Peckover" is a case in point, a light novel injured by its author's desire to give it weight.

Gilbert A. Peckover, about whom Mr. Beresford writes, is the typical middle-aged hen-pecked suburbanite. He is a Caspar Milquetoast whose little woman rules him with a big stick, and the story of the novel is the story of his escape from that rule. One fine evening, life being a bit too thick for him at home, he walks out of the house and calmly loses his memory. During the six months that elapse before the past rises up to confound him again, he builds himself a new and astonishing career in architecture, founds a happy home with a woman whom he takes from the streets, and succeeds generally in fulfilling all the hidden

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE HANGOVER MURDERS *Adam Hobhouse* (Knopf: $2.)	Three murders, one suicide, in cut-glass Long Island circles solved with much bad language by Danny Harrison.	Muzzy characters, hard-boiled in alcohol, weave startling way through grisly and completely engrossing yarn.	Galaxy and 2 comets
THE WHIP-POOR-WILL MYSTERY *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Father's murder blamed on lovely scion of old Md. family. Noble country editor saves and wins her.	Nasty small-towners, blood hounds, necktie parties, wicked lawyers, great excitement — and a little sleuthing.	Thriller
DEATH BLEW THE MATCH *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Lovely lady dramatist found inexplicably poisoned in Cape Cod cottage. Local sleuth and mysterious visitor solve it.	Humor, suspense, *soupçon* romance, Down East twang pleasantly mask somewhat cock-eyed denouement.	Worth while

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By Pearl S. Buck

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wishes of his formerly suppressed self. With the return of his memory comes a dramatic denouement followed by a happy and skilful unravelling of the threads of his double life.

Mr. Beresford has told a very charming story successfully, and one doubts that amnesia has ever been made more attractive as a way of escape. The best chapters of the novel are written in the playful mood that characterized Robert Nathan's "One More Spring," that mood in which the most outlandish things appear to happen in the most casual manner. Unfortunately the author was tempted, now and again, to labor the psychological problem presented by dual personality, a problem worth laboring, no doubt, but not within the limited scope of light fiction. It is pointless to give long psychoanalytical explanations, no matter how apt, where such explanations are not needed to clarify the material; and it is out of keeping in a novel that depends on situation, rather than character, for its interest. Despite these occasional lapses, "Peckover" remains a highly amusing story of mistaken identities.

L. J. H., Jr.

Miscellaneous

WILD FLOWERS. By Homer D. House. Macmillan. 1934. $7.50.

The descriptive text and the three hundred and sixty-four full-color illustrations of this very beautiful and massive book are the same as those published in 1923 by the University of the State of New York in a two-volume work entitled "Wild Flowers of New York." The present book is much more convenient to handle than its two-volume predecessor, which is now out of print. The wild flowers described are found throughout the northeastern section of the United States from Maryland to Canada. The introductory section on plant structure is clear and condensed, with excellent illustrations; the descriptions of plants are usually precise enough for identification without field analysis, even when no picture is given, but the glory of the book lies in the technical perfection of the colored photographic plates. If some of the sixteenth century herbals are works of art on account of their wood-cuts, "Wild Flowers" may be described (in the lingo of Mr. Lewis Mumford) as a "neotechnic masterpiece." M. P. S.

Philosophy

MIND, SELF, AND SOCIETY. By George H. Mead. University of Chicago Press. 1934. $5.

This is a study of social psychology "from the standpoint of a social behaviorist." In 1932 appeared Professor Mead's "Philosophy of the Present," and this is the first of three volumes in which the unfinished remains of his work are being given to the world by his admiring disciples at the University of Chicago. It can scarcely be doubted that he deserved that admiration. He was, if we except Professor Dewey, probably the most brilliant of the "Chicago School" of pragmatists. We must regretfully record, however, that the present book is disappointing, and will probably not be widely read. These student notes on his lectures are surprisingly slow-moving, abstractly expressed, and dull. Even the rather startling main thesis that minds are created by the use of language, beginning with gesture language, is here expounded in a manner that scarcely shows an advance over what Royce was saying forty years ago, or Pierre Janet more than twenty. There was so much more to be said, and Mead could have said it. H. T. C.

Brief Mention

There follows a miscellaneous list of recently published books which for one reason or another *The Saturday Review* has not been able to review at length. Some are important, some curious, and all deserve mention. * * * Let us note first the one volume Oxford Press edition of *The Works of William Shakespeare* ($3). This book of 1263 large pages is printed in excellently clear type, on thin paper with some overset though not enough to be annoying. * * * Another big book is T. V. Smith's *Philosophers Speak for Themselves* (University of Chicago Press: $4.50), which is a symposium of readings from Greek, Roman, and early Christian philosophy, with guidance notes. He is also the author of *Beyond Conscience*, an attack upon the claims made for the objective validity of conscience in determining good and evil (Whittlesey House: $3). * * * Philosophical, and broad in scope, is Paul Cohen-Portheim's *The Message of Asia* (Dutton, $3.50). The reader may remember the author's *England the Unknown Isle.* * * * Professor William Lyon Phelps's *What I Like in Prose* has been succeeded by *What I Like in Poetry*, selected and edited by the author (Scribner's: $2.75). * * * Harry Emerson Fosdick's most recent group of sermons is published by Harper & Bros. under the title of *The Secret of Victorious Living* ($1.50). * * * A frank and sensible book is *A Woman's Best Years: The Art of Staying Young*, by W. Beran Wolfe (Long & Smith, $2.25). * * * The miscellaneous papers of Mr. Justice Brandeis have been gathered together under the title *The Curse of Bigness*, by Osmond K. Fraenkel (Viking: $3.50). * * * Hamlin Garland's last volume of reminiscences, which carries them up to his retirement in California, is called *Afternoon Neighbors: Further Excerpts from a Literary Log* (Macmillan: $3.50). * * * Those whose hobby is birds will be interested in Francis Hobart Herrick's *The American Eagle*, with its interesting photographs and a study of the graphic use of the eagle in art (Appleton - Century: $3.50). * * * Libraries and scholars in the field will find of great importance, *The Study of International Relations: Survey for* 1934, edited by Edith E. Ware (Columbia University Press, $3.50). * * * A popular book of alchemy just published is *Alchemy, Child of Greek Philosophy*, by Arthur John Hopkins (Columbia University Press, $3.50). * * * There have been several histories of the New Haven colony but none satisfactory, either because its history was intermingled with the chronicle of the Connecticut Colony, or of the later city, or because documentary material was not consulted. Hence Isabel MacBeath Calder's *The New Haven Colony* (Yale University Press, $3.50) is a book that should be noted as presumably being standard in its field. The Colony had a short and not very exciting history, but there were important implications for religious and political development. * * * The Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, issue Merle Dixon Graves's *Bubblin's an' B'ilin's at the Center* ($2.50). These regional anecdotes in racy but sometimes diffuse dialogue deal with a rural region in the southwest corner of Massachusetts. If they sometimes lack art they do not lack honest New England material of a kind somewhat commoner fifty years ago than now. * * * Special reference should be made to a very useful volume, *A Dictionary of Foreign Terms Found in English and American Writing of Yesterday and Today*, by C. O. Sylvester Mawson (Crowell: $2). This is the book which we are always looking for in order to verify a Latin, or French, or German phrase. * * * Lovers of rod and gun will rejoice in the handsome volume in which the Derrydale Press has gathered together some of the sporting stories of Nash Buckingham. *De Shootinest Gent'man* ($7.50) contains a group of tales delightful in their Southern flavor and in the relish with which they write of sport.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Schumann. A. W. Patterson. Dutton. $2. *Chopin.* J. C. Hadden. Dutton. $2. *Schubert.* E. Duncan. Dutton. $2. *Mendelssohn.* S. S. Stratton. Dutton. $2.

DRAMA

Themes and Conventions of Elizabethan Tragedy. M. C. Bradbrook. Cambridge University Press.

FOREIGN

The Foreign Policy of the Powers. Harpers. $1.50.

HISTORY

The Endless Adventure. F. S. Oliver. Vol. III. Macmillan. $4.

MISCELLANEOUS

Common Sense for Mothers. Mrs. J. S. Reilly. Funk. $2 *Harum Scarum.* Sarah Bowes-Lyon. Dutton. $3. *The Gold Standard and Its Future.* T. E. Gregory. Dutton. $1.50. *Curiosities of Yiddish Literature.* A. A. Roback. Cambridge, Mass.: Sci-Art. $2.15. *Infants of the Zoo.* E. G. Boulenger. Dutton. $2.50. *One Hundred and Fifty Years of Publishing,* 1785-1935. Philadelphia: Lea & Febiger. *The World's Messengers.* H. H. Webster. Houghton. $2. *Our Heritage and Other Addresses.* H. A. Bruce. Macmillan. $3.50. *Censorship in France from* 1715 *to* 1750: *Voltaire's Opposition.* Columbia University: Institute of French Studies. *Essay and General Literature Index.* 1934 *Supplement.* Ed. M. Shaw. Wilson. *Spying Still Goes On: Four Spies Speak.* Compiled by H. Ecke. Loring. $2.50. *Beginning Again.* H. H. Pace. Dorrence. $1. *Central Banking Under the Federal Reserve System.* L. E. Clark. Macmillan. $5.

RELIGION

The Cross: Its History and Symbolism. G. W. Benson. Buffalo, N. Y.: Privately printed. $3.50. *The Way of Simplicity.* W. E. Orchard. Dutton.

POETRY

The Iliad. Trans. Sir W. Marris. Oxford Uni. Pr. $2.25.

REPRINTS

The Birthday. S. Rogers. Little, Brown. $2.50.

TRAVEL

So You're Going to the Mediterranean! C. E. Laughlin. Houghton. $3.

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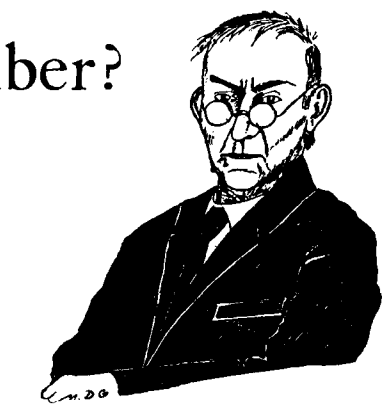

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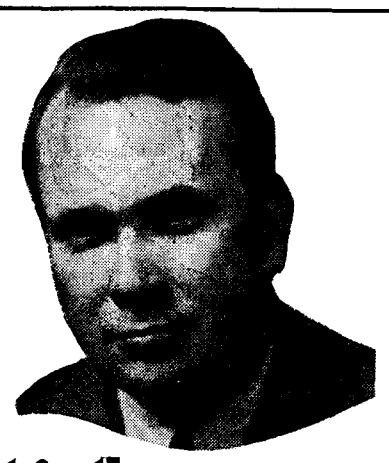

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For to Admire

PART III of the library of the late Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry of Newport will be dispersed at public sale at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries February 14th and 15th. From February 9th to the time of sale the 444 lots will be on public exhibition at the galleries.

This, of course, marks no innovation in procedure. Whatever commodities are to be disposed of at auction are customarily and statutorily made available for inspection, be they house lots, used cars, used horses, or Gutenberg Bibles. The privilege of inspection, moreover, is open to all the world. No distinction is made between casual drifters and intending purchasers; the merits of particular items are not driven home; one is not sidled up to and oilily besought whether one is looking for anything special. Such attention, to be sure, is sometimes desirable. Whoever contemplates bidding on a foreclosed apartment house or a dismantled mah jong factory requires, and is accorded, adequate technical guidance—one does not embark on such vast emprises with the insouciance of a church-fair plunging a blind fist into the twenty-five-cent grab-box.

Book auctions are attended by professionals and are conducted in full acceptance of that fact. The auctioneer makes no effort to wheedle bids; the virtues of successive lots are not orally proclaimed, for they are already spread upon the catalogue; one bids or one declines to bid, and 'twere well it were done quickly, because the only pressure brought to bear at a book auction is against time, and a bid after the hammer's drop is considered as bad form as an uppercut after the gong.

The exhibitions preceding book sales are also attended largely by professionals—too largely. For during the exhibition preceding such an event as the Terry sale the showrooms of the 4A-G become a veritable museum of treasures effectively displayed and meticulously catalogued. And a pre-auction exhibition of books has one superlative advantage over an orthodox museum—every unit may be taken into your hand and you may pretend, for a few minutes, that it is your own. Here, in full polished calf to preserve it from the ravages of the years and the mauling of loveless fingers, is "Odes by Mr. Gray" ("Price One Shilling," but not, alas, to you), neatly inscribed, in the upper right-hand corner, "The Gift of the Author." View it at your leisure—have no fear—the association will not wear off.

Any pre-sale exhibition of books is worth attending, and by acquiring the habit of attendance the visitor will be afforded during a single season a view of virtually the whole collecting panorama. It is a post-view rather than a pre-view, but that makes it all the more interesting. For every collection is but the expression of the collector's personality; one studies his accomplishment and builds the man himself back into his books. Here on these shelves and in these cases, one collector's sentimental and intellectual embodiment maintains for a few days its perfected shape. One need not, of course, seek to ape Mr. Gray of the odes musing on a distant prospect of Eton College. One can simply inspect the books. The final offerings of the Terry estate are a most inspectable group. Here are the first illustrated Dante, the first illustrated Horace, the first Homer and Euclid and Copernicus, Gower's "Confessio Amantis" with the types of William Caxton, an abundance of Shakespeare quartos and the "Poems" of 1640, medieval manuscripts and books of hours, thin and fragile Americana that owe much of their lordliness of estate to their very thinness and fragility. Here are almost prodigal quantities of letters by such disparate personalities as Byron, Irving, Lamb, and John Howard Payne; Jefferson Davis's formal invitation to Virginia "to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive with the Confederate States"; Secretary of State Jefferson's official notification to France of the death of Benjamin Franklin; a letter from Savonarola to his mother (the same letter that William Morris printed at the Kelmscott Press in 1894 as "Epistola de Contemptu Mundi"); a group of Signers, lacking a Gwinnett and a Lynch, but containing an official 1776 of John Hancock addressed, as by a seeming anachronism, to "Colonel Griffin, Deputy Adjutant General at the Flying Camp," and Thomas McKean's final account of the signing and passing of the Declaration of Independence, taken down by his son but signed by the eighty-three-year-old patriot June 16, 1817, eight days before his death. The very miscellaneousness of the Terry units adds to the interest of the collection. There is something here to suit every taste, to pique every curiosity. And it costs nothing to look.

Cyril Redivivus

The *Colophon* has been caught out. The final text page of the prospectus announcing the inauguration of the New Series at six dollars a year alluded to "booklovers whom you think can now," etc. Two accusative anti-accusative protests quickly reached the editors, who have issued a photographically reduced facsimile of the prospectus which knits the fractured syntax. Both the protests came from Chicago.

Double-Crostics: Number 46

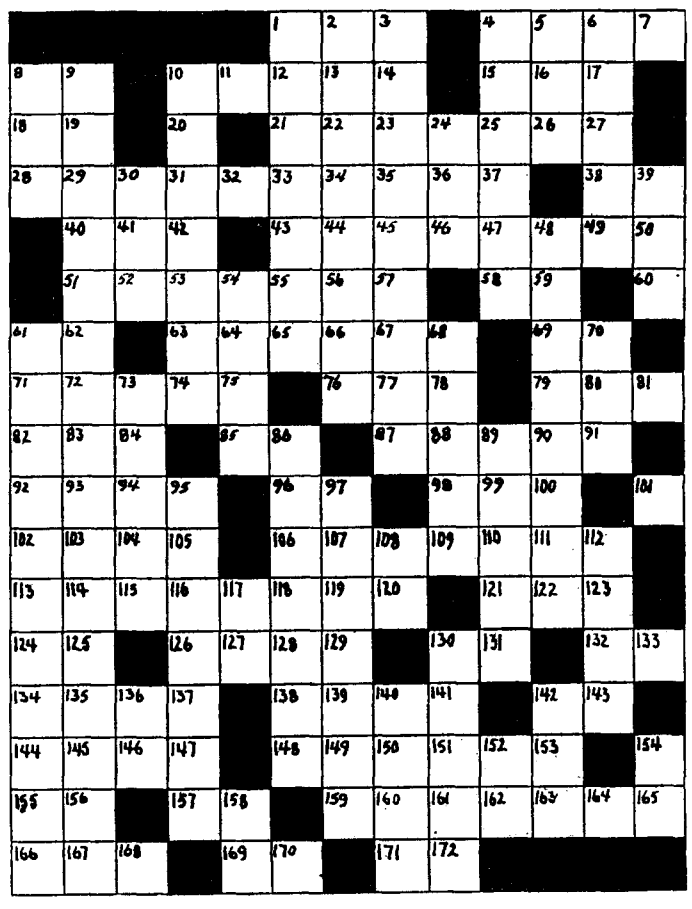
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-eight words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 44-102-1-79-93-131. Article of bedroom furniture.	_ _ _ _ _ _
II. 24-13-37-77-57. Soames Forsyte's first wife.	_ _ _ _ _
III. 123-158-21-73-39-129-5-167. Ancient drug of forgetfulness.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 56-86-143-17-36-41-62-82. Perverse fancy.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 146-51-38-118-101-90-3. Member of Hiawatha's tribe.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 126-29-144-78. Lethargic, heavy.	_ _ _ _
VII. 35-165-124-148-40-11. Owner of a Biblical vineyard.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 31-133-115-53-14-23-10-127. Artificial voice register.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 139-142-33-50-149-54-120-147. Under obligation.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 84-69-94-107-128-60-83. Quick retort.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 70-95-91-59-99-141-119-63. Book by Samuel Smiles.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 138-7-159-45. Cluster or knot of strands.	_ _ _ _
XIII. 135-145. Innermost of Jupiter's satellites.	_ _
XIV. 15-55-28-2-64. Recess in a wall.	_ _ _ _ _
XV. 20-152-61-74-16-47-122-108-100. Totally color-blind person.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 89-66-98-22-134-75. Act of lifting.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 112-76-160-157-67-42-9. Inaccurately reported.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 43-156-130-125-114-163-12-106. Not yet defeated.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 164-151-81-34-30-27-171-113-80. Having a good memory.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 155-97-166-85-111-32-65. Merchant of Venice.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 104-68-49-109-25. River beyond the Styx.	_ _ _ _ _
XXII. 117-8-154-58-71-172. A Brook Farm philosopher.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 168-46-153-132-170. Short lay or song.	_ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 105-116-140-169. Inarticulate.	_ _ _ _
XXV. 103-161-121-72-87. Strip of lace for a collar.	_ _ _ _ _
XXVI. 19-136-150-6-110-26. To prohibit by judicial order.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXVII. 4-88-52-96-18. Sarcastic lampoon.	_ _ _ _ _
XXVIII. 162-92-48-137. Sherlock Holmes's tobacco.	_ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 45)

JOSEPH ADDISON—"THE SPECTATOR"

There is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning . . . a sound and nothing but a sound.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines.) All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BOOKISH, old-fashioned young man, nearing 30, would appreciate letters from congenial young lady interested in literature, travel, social service. Box 239-A.

PIANISTS! MUSIC LOVERS! TEACHERS! STUDENTS! "Mastering Thirds" for $1.00. Exceptional opportunity included. Austin Roy Keefer, Langhorne, Pa.

PROFESSIONAL BUSINESS, men and women (Christian) maintain accustomed living standard, yet reducing cash outlay while studying, seek permanent position or writing, may enjoy cooperative experiment in luxurious old mansion. Work 20 hours (dining room, office, upkeep, outdoor) and contribute $4.50 weekly in exchange room, board, recreation. Work less contribute little more. Write Union Church, 229 West 48th Street, New York.

LIFE BEGINS—when you have found a true friend! CONTACTS, correspondence club for the mentally marooned, connects you with over 1,300 broad-minded members, everywhere. Founded 1927. Free book exchange. Send 3c stamp. CONTACTS, Department E, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

YOUNG MAN desires position in literary field. Experienced review columnist and bookseller. Box 229-A.

N. Y. CITY professional social worker, 49, widower, aware of emotional, intellectual and recreational needs, desires contact with congenial unencumbered woman. Likes reading, writing, nature, science, discussion. Dislikes bridge, alcohol, jazz, commercial sports. Realist (atheist), New Dealer, pacifist, democratically class-conscious, despite handicaps of Puritan ancestry and college degrees. Box 230-A.

RETURNED to New York from twelve years Orient. Capable, tactful, well-connected woman. Author. Accustomed Diplomatic life. Desires executive position courier unusual routes; hostess-manager private home, Club or Fraternity House. Box 231-A.

LADY, 33, educated, attractive, interested in books, cinema, fireside companionship, desires correspondence of single midwestern gentleman, 38-50. Box 232-A.

IS THERE a man with a good sense of humor, who enjoys books, music, travel and dancing, yet lives an out-of-door life? "Curious." Box 233-A.

YOUNG French woman will exchange French for chess instruction; experience unnecessary. Box 234-A.

PLEASE humor Angela's valentine yearnings. Box 235-A.

WANTED in San Francisco, by personable young business woman with sense of humor and diversified interests, new male contacts over 35. Those who enjoy (either) theater, out of doors, discussions on books, music, world events. Box 236-A.

OPTIMISTIC and eager young woman desires, for her fiancé, any sort of legitimate position in or near New York City. Her object is matrimony and a chance to fight the depression with him. For details as to his character and abilities or if you have information leading to a position address Box 237-A.

ARE YOU lonely or blue? Join The Star Friendship Exchange, Box 1329, Roanoke, Va. Send stamp for particulars.

A THINGUMMY for playing phonograph records backwards has been devised for people who are tired of playing them forward. Instantly attached to your phonograph; harmless to records. One Dollar Post Paid. Thingummy Co., 833 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Calif.

WANTED: Tired publisher who needs adequate part-time help may hire for moderate sum an industrious, capable, middle-aged man who possesses excellent education, shrewd judgment, and discrimination. Office, sales, reading, editorial experience. M.

COUPLE, 26, Jewish, would like to meet others interested in dancing, music, theatre, American History, or any of a number of lasting things, for companionship and stimulating conversation. Manhattanites.

YOUNG WOMAN, 30, Washington, desires correspondence with gentleman of culture and ideals. Stella Maris.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

NATIONAL SOCIALISM

G. S., of Parral, Mexico, *is anxious to get the titles of some books dealing with National Socialism in Germany today.*

IT'S difficult, of course, to find any recent volume on Hitler's realm that doesn't spend much of its description on the workings of the National Socialists, but I take it that G. S. wants something in the form of an analysis rather than more general discussion. The League for Industrial Democracy issues a booklet which should be useful to her entitled SOCIALISM IN GERMANY: SOCIALISM'S NEW START, and in the factual survey of recent history by J. H. Landman, SINCE 1914 (Barnes & Noble), she will find two pages devoted to tables, figures, and summary which graphically tell the tale of what has been happening to political parties in Germany in the past few years. In THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY (Knopf), by G. D. H. Cole and M. I. P. Cole, she will discover some interesting pages on the German situation, and in Calvin B. Hoover's GERMANY ENTERS THE THIRD REICH (Macmillan) about fifty pages of discussion of the Social Democratic Party.

ÆOLIAN HARPS

E. E., of Los Angeles, Calif., *is interested in the construction and history of æolian harps. She apparently has searched in vain for a book on the subject and has been driven to the belief that the information is to be found only in out-of-print foreign works.*

Remembering a conversation I had had some two or three years ago with a young Southerner who was making a study of ancient musical instruments (it stuck in my mind because he told me that in the lands supposed to be the cradle of the human race where absence of forestation meant there was no wood, the bones of dead animals supplied the first musical instruments) I asked him where to get the book E. E. wanted. The very best work on the subject, he says, is by the American Carl Engel, whose MUSIC OF THE MOST ANCIENT NATIONS (Reeves) is a study particularly of that of the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews, with special reference to discoveries in west Asia and Egypt. The book has many illustrations which should be of use to E. E. It is almost unnecessary, I suppose, to say that on any matter where musical information is involved the first place to turn for orientation and suggestion is Grove's DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS (Macmillan). The general encyclopedias, all, of course, have articles on the æolian harp and further mention of it in their comprehensive surveys of music.

"THE LOVELY THAIS"

A long time ago G. E. P., of Boston, Mass., *wrote me that she had for some time been attempting to trace the story of Thais and Paphnutius both as historical fact and fiction and that she had been unable to get on the track of any version of it other than that of Anatole France and the nun Hrosertha, and wondered if there was any other literary work in which Thais figured.*

At odd times ever since her letter came I've been trying to dig out some information for her with lamentably scanty results, I'm sorry to confess. The principal authority on Thais seems to have been Cleitarchus, one of the least trustworthy of Alexander the Great's historians, who is responsible for the story that she persuaded Alexander, whom she had accompanied on his Asiatic campaign, to set fire to the palace of the Persian kings at Persepholis. It is this episode of which Dryden makes use in his "Alexander's Feast, or, The Power of Music: An Ode in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day" (G. E. P. should not confuse this with Dryden's "Song for St. Cecilia's Day"). I reread the poem, and like the child who found Hamlet all quotations, everywhere came upon some of the most quoted lines in poetry. Even the description of

The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride

is constantly quoted even if less often than such lines as "None but the brave deserves the fair," and "Sweet is pleasure after pain."

This of Dryden's is the only version of the Thais story which I have to offer G. E. P. in addition to what she already knows. Thais, according to the historical record, after Alexander's death became the wife of Ptolemy Lagus, king of Egypt, and by him had two sons and a daughter. As to the libretto of Massenet's opera, which was based on Anatole France's novel, G. E. P. can procure that from the Metropolitan Opera House, 39th Street and Broadway, New York City.

A HISTORY OF LITERATURE

R. van D. C., of Canton, Ohio, *who wants a history of English literature, or better still a history of world literature if one not too sketchy is available, sternly adjures me not to mention the* CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE *since its price puts it beyond his reach.*

Meekly I inquire whether he knows that the CAMBRIDGE HISTORY (Macmillan), the best work of the kind to be had, has been issued, shorn of its bibliographies, at a much less prohibitive price than the original edition. If that, however, is still too costly, the best history of English literature for his purposes is that by Garnett and Gosse(Macmillan) which comes in four volumes for $12.50 the set. Saintsbury's SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Macmillan) is also a standard work, though even in its last revision it does not come down to the present day. As for a history of world literature (R. van D. C. has found John Macy's too compressed) LITERATURE OF THE WORLD (Appleton-Century), a series edited by Edmund Gosse, published in nine volumes ($2.50 the volume, some volumes reissued at $1 each) is probably what R. van D. C. wants. It will have to be supplemented, however, with a survey of the work of today.

BOOK-BINDING AT HOME

E. A. L., of Louisville, Ky., *who is somewhat troubled about the vagaries of the post office which delivers the* Saturday Review *sometimes on Monday and sometimes on Tuesday when the newsstands have it on Saturdays (we can assure him it is the mail and not our circulation department which is at fault), but who likes the paper well enough even to like the way it smells, loves books so much that he has decided he "must do something besides read them." Therefore he requested the titles of some books regarding bookbinding by hand and at home. They should be, he says, "quite elementary and not very expensive."*

Such zeal deserved the best I could do for E. A. L., so I wrote to the typographical and bookbinding half of our Compleat Collector, Carl Rollins, asking his advice, and in reply came the following list:

Practice: A COURSE IN BOOKBINDING FOR VOCATIONAL TRAINING. By E. W. Palmer. Part One, Elementary Section—the only part which has so far appeared. New York: Employing Bookbinders of America. 1927. THE CARE AND REPAIR OF BOOKS. By Harry Miller Lydenberg and John Archer. New York: R. R. Bowker & Co. 1931. BOOKBINDING FOR TEACHERS, STUDENTS AND AMATEURS. By K. M. Forsyth. London: A. & C. Black. 1932. HAND DECORATED PATTERNED PAPERS FOR BOOK CRAFT. By Geoffrey Peach. The Dryad Handicrafts. London: Dryad Press. 1931. BOOKBINDING AND THE CARE OF BOOKS. By Douglas Cockerel. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1901. The Artistic Crafts Series (now published, I think, by Pitman). (This is probably the very best manual.) SOME NOTES ON BOOKBINDING. By Douglas Cockerel. London: H. Milford, Oxford University Press. 1929. (Another good manual, but not so complete as the former.)

History: HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BOOKBINDING AS AN ART. By Meiric K. Dutton. Norwood: Holliston Mills. 1926. (A brief, general history.) A HISTORY OF THE ART OF BOOKBINDING. By W. Salt Brassington. London: Eliot Stock, 1904.

THE CANNING INDUSTRY

L. A. S., of Philadelphia, Pa., *is working on a novel involving the canning industry, and being a conscientious soul, wishes to document himself as far as possible.*

I should think one of the best methods of getting insight into an industry would be by reading a trade journal since by the nature of the case that must present a bird's-eye view of its field. Such a journal exists in THE ALMANAC OF THE CANNING INDUSTRY, published by Canning Trade, 107 South Frederick Street, Baltimore, Md. In addition L. A. S. can refer to L. S. Lyon's SOME TRENDS IN THE MARKETING OF CANNED GOODS, a brochure put out by the Brookings Institute, and J. H. Collins's STORY OF CANNED FOOD (Dutton).

PERSONALS

FREE WEEK-ENDS. Further information write or phone Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

WANTED: Lucia and Miss Mapp fans. Address Box 238-A.

WILL publisher who holds manuscript belonging to Mrs. V. G. Simkhovitch, Greenwich House, 27 Barrow Street, New York City, please communicate with her.

TEACHER, 27, intellectually marooned, interested in art, music, reading, wishes to hear from a young man with similar interests.—Mildred.

EARLY BIRDS—Plan to operate summer theatre and dramatic school. Inquiries invited from persons financially or artistically interested. Box 240-A.

AN EDUCATED woman, trained to read aloud well, wishes afternoon employment with invalid or blind person. Box 241-A.

CLASSIFIED

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BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus is eager to second the Criminal Record's warm praise of *The Murder of My Aunt* by Richard Hull (Minton Balch, $2). It is not only gruesomely amusing but a brilliant bit of character study and makes the lover of nemesis smack his iron lips. The best crime story of 1935 so far, and is likely to remain so. If you want another book to go quietly mad about. . . . ☞Richard Hull is a pen name; Mr. Hull tells us that he is a Chartered Accountant "and a very bad one"; he left Rugby School in August, 1914, served 32 months in France, "completely undistinguished," he says. "I faintly fluttered around battles, was never wounded, mentioned in dispatches, decorated, killed, or anything. I am afraid of efficient publicity." ☞The scene of *The Murder of My Aunt* is Montgomeryshire in Wales; it should certainly be read by all alumnae of Bryn Mawr College.

☞A novel for which Quercus predicts notable success is Eleanor Carroll Chilton's "Follow the Furies" (Bobbs Merrill, $2.50). Its tragic theme is the disaster that overtakes some advanced and very "modern" people when they encounter ancient and enduring human realities. It has a rich, sombre wisdom, flashed through with salty and sultry humor; it probes with steel some of the sore spots of the "emancipated." It is bitter, beautiful, and strong; and the episode of the expectant publisher whose alibi for her illegitimate symptoms was "an impacted wisdom tooth" is cruelly funny. ☞M. L. L. writes to Quercus from St. Louis to say "This city needs a literary aspirin of some sort, when one goes to three different bookstores and still cannot find a copy of Fowler's *Modern English Usage* surely something must be wrong." ☞Earle Walbridge writes that he misled trusting old Q. about Elizabeth Barrett Browning's enthusiasm for Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp*. It wasn't *Dreamthorp* that E. B. B. praised but Smith's poetry. The essays were published two years after her death.

Random House issues *The Sea Sequel*, a companion to its excellent *Week-End Book;* over 500 pp. of good maritime reading; but we are horrified that the printers, the supposedly impeccable Nonesuch Press, allowed the name of R. H. Dana to appear no less than three times as D. H. Dana. ☞Norman L. Dodge, editor of Goodspeed's always interesting monthly bulletin (7 Ashburton Place, Boston) has discovered a predecessor for Don Marquis's archy the literary roach. It's a Junebug in the late John Kendrick Bangs's *Mr. Munchausen* (1901). Wrote Bangs's Munchausen: "The June-bug had spent the night inside of the cover [of the typewriter] butting his head against the keys . . . and consciously or unconsciously had butted out a verse." ☞Old Q. is always interested to know what is being read in the colleges. From an undergraduate paper he learns that Dr. Emmett R. Dunn, professor of biology at Haverford, says of *The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes* (Harcourt, Brace): "This book is absolutely essential for an understanding of the most important problems of human life. It is amazing that no writer on human affairs should have so clarified the situation for us."

☞Popular Publications, Inc., publishers of seventeen pulp magazines, will issue four books a month under the imprint of the Hartney Press. The four books will include one mystery, one "modern," one romance, one western, at $2 each, built for circulating library use. Hurd Whitney, ex-Morrow, and Lillian Lustig, ex-Simon and Schuster, are in the enterprise.

☞Columbia University Press's *Pleasures of Publishing* gives a simple answer to a question often asked by book buyers:

> The composition-imposition-makeready cost per copy of a certain book of 250 printed pages would be 84 cents, if the book were printed in an edition of only 500 copies; and the presswork would be 3½ cents per copy. However, if the edition was 10,000 copies, the composition-imposition-makeready cost per copy would be only 4 cents; and the presswork would be a little more than 2 cents a copy. This accounts for the high prices of books which are printed in small quantities.

☞One of the lesser Querci spent an amiable half hour or so last week at a demonstration of the Talking Book, a device now being marketed by the American Foundation for the Blind at 125 East 46th St., New York City. It seems that there are approximately 120,000 blind in the United States and that only about a quarter of this number are able to read from raised type. The Talking Book is a combination radio and improved phonograph which reproduces from special twelve-inch discs, each playing for half an hour. A book of 80,000 words can be recorded on the two sides of a dozen of these which revolve at about half the speed of an ordinary phonograph. The machine sells at cost ($42.00), and the books are purchased and distributed free by the Library of Congress. There are already libraries lending Talking Books in twenty states and Hawaii. Besides some Shakespeare, parts of the Bible, etc., we noticed *Very Good, Jeeves* (16 discs) and the *Diary of a Provincial Lady* (9 discs). Our only criticism (having been trained to some extent by the radio) is the monotonous quality of the voices used. To date, only *A Christmas Carol* has been recorded with sound effects, and no dialogue has been tried. To someone who is enabled to read for the first time this defect is probably trivial, however, and we understand that various actors and actresses have volunteered their services for the future.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
SIX-GUNS OF SANDOVAL *Charles H. Snow* (Macrae-Smith: $2.)	Western	Title tells all.	Standard
THE VENGEANCE OF MONSIEUR BLACK-SHIRT *David Graeme* (Lippincott: $2.)	Costume Adventure	D'Artagnan modeled in ham.	Phoney
PASSENGER TO PEKING *J. Van Dyke* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Novel	English girl arrives in China to find her fiancé gone native. Old stuff, but the man writes it well.	Good
TWO ON SAFARI *George A. Chamberlain* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Adventure	Search for missing heir carries through wilds of Africa with hero and heroine misunderstanding each other.	Standard serial
SINBAD THE SOLDIER *P. C. Wren* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Adventure	Arabs capture the gun-running young man, but he ingratiates himself, trains them into a crack cavalry unit. Good yarn.	Superior
BARRY SCOTT, M.D. *Rhoda Truax* (Dutton: $2.50.)	Novel	Author of "Hospitals" takes her medico to small New England town, there to begin practice. His troubles are readable.	Diverting
LADY HOBO *Beth Brown* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Novel	Fed up with philandering husband, lady flivvers across country with femme tramp and infant, falls for professional rainmaker.	N. G.

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